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* * WORK WANTED—NOT CHARITY! * *



MEN OF WOOLWICH MARCH TO HEAR THE KING'S MESSAGE.

Day by day the distress in Woolwich is proving more acute, for many men—able-bodied, competent men—are being turned off from the Arsenal. This must add seriously to the number of unemployed already in England, and to the sorrow and suffering of thousands of women and children. On Saturday thousands of men from Woolwich marched to Trafalgar Square, for the King had been petitioned, and his answer was to be read to them. But even the King's message could only hold out hope, and definitely promise—nothing. Surely there is work in England for Englishmen!

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TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION : SHALL TRADE UNIONS HAVE SUPPORT?

FOR.
UNION is strength; and, thanks to that splendid combination of forces which Trade Unionism has brought about, the British working man is stronger now than at any period in the history of the country.

This allusion is not to the physical strength of the individual worker. It would be absurd to say that the working man is stronger, or less strong, than formerly, for, as far as muscular power goes, he has always led the world in the workshop and in the field. What we mean is that the working man—used in the highest sense as applied to all trades—has become strong and confident in the knowledge that Trade Unionism has

worker in any trade can give his services to his employer with a sense that such services are accepted at their proper value. Through this insistence on a mutual and equally weighed benefit, there has almost disappeared from the market that cheap, shoddy, and scamped work which was the outcome of competitive labour among those employers who were the kings of cut-price trade. In this direction alone the power of union has been enormous, and we do not, perhaps, fully realise

THE WEIGHT OF TRADE UNIONISM IN WAGE CONTROL

until the working man, be he part of the machinery of our great railway, steamship, coal-mine, or building undertakings,

want because their husbands and fathers have had the spirit to seek

THE ONLY SURE REMEDY FOR OPPRESSION

in the labour market.

Those who are so fond of talking of the liberty of the subject must not forget what an enormous part Trade Unionism has played, and must play in the future, in making that freedom real and not imagined. The free and independent spirit of the working man of all degrees is all very well in theory, but when it comes to practice the very nature of his employment renders individual action out of the question, and if persisted in inevitably results in undesirable friction which must ultimately damage rather than improve the position of the worker, while rendering the employer more obdurate to the fair requests of his employees. Against hotheads, firebrands, and extremists of all descriptions, Trade Unionism is a

happiness of the worker, by keeping a watchful eye on the conditions under which his trade is carried out, and by making his hours of toil consistent with the common need of rest and recreation.

AGAINST.

Every man according to his lights. There is no finer maxim in judging the position a man should hold in the race of life. But Trade Unionism will have none of it. In the eyes of this colossal institution for interfering with other people's business, one man is judged according to the lights of another. To begin with, this is one of the most astonishing injustices which have followed the standardising of wages by Trade Unions.

Indeed, so important a consideration is it that it may well be placed foremost among the many ills which can be traced to the door of Union offices.

There are three classes of men: those who are content with a "living wage," those who are content with a wage which is apportioned to them by rote, and those who desire to sell their labour for what it is worth in the labour market. Now Trade Unionism practically discounts skilled labour above a certain point which is arbitrarily fixed by its heads. The man who has once sold his freedom in the name of Union is for ever more obliged to accept Union wages. If he becomes a master craftsman he must give his services at Union rates, even if he knows there is employment for his hands at double the pay. But not only does Unionism discount skilled labour, it makes an end of worthy ambition, and kills the pride of the man in his work. He knows that so much is expected of him, and it will avail him nothing if by superior skill and superior industry he attempts to climb over the head of his fellow units in the great scheme for reducing all work to a common level.

And this common level of work—this Union which destroys individual capacity—must and does have a demoralising influence among those who are bound by it and to it. Trade Unionism has taken the power out of the hands of the master and placed it in those of the man, with the result only too often that something like a state of tyranny exists. The employer must bend his will to the employee, while the employee is merely the tool of Trade Unionism. The master who finds that Unionism—with its enormous power—has foisted incapable men on him dare not protest, and very often shrinks from dismissing incompetent and idle workers for the sole reason that he is aware that by so doing he may have to suffer at the hands of the union of defiant employees. Endless strife is stirred owing to

THE TYRANNOUS EXACTIONS OF TRADE UNION BODIES,

and for this reason there are large numbers of sound, capable working men who decline to bend themselves to an organisation which in reality saps their independence of action while pretending to make them a power absolute in the labour market.

More than once of late have we seen signs that the common-sense of the British working man is beginning to



SOME OF THE WORLD'S WORKERS AT WOOLWICH.

given him a good, sound wall against which he can set his back when oppression or injustice threatens his livelihood. Before the advent of Trade Unions the master was the master hand: his power for good or evil in the treatment of those he employed was unquestionable, and the man who ventured to oppose the laws he made unto himself was a hero, but a hero whose reward was only too often starvation. Few could tell in all its misery the bitter tale of injustice that belonged to those days in which there were not two sides to every question where the interests of master and man were concerned. But most of us have more than a suspicion that the "living wage" in years gone by was the wage on which man, wife, and child went to bed hungry and pinched by cold.

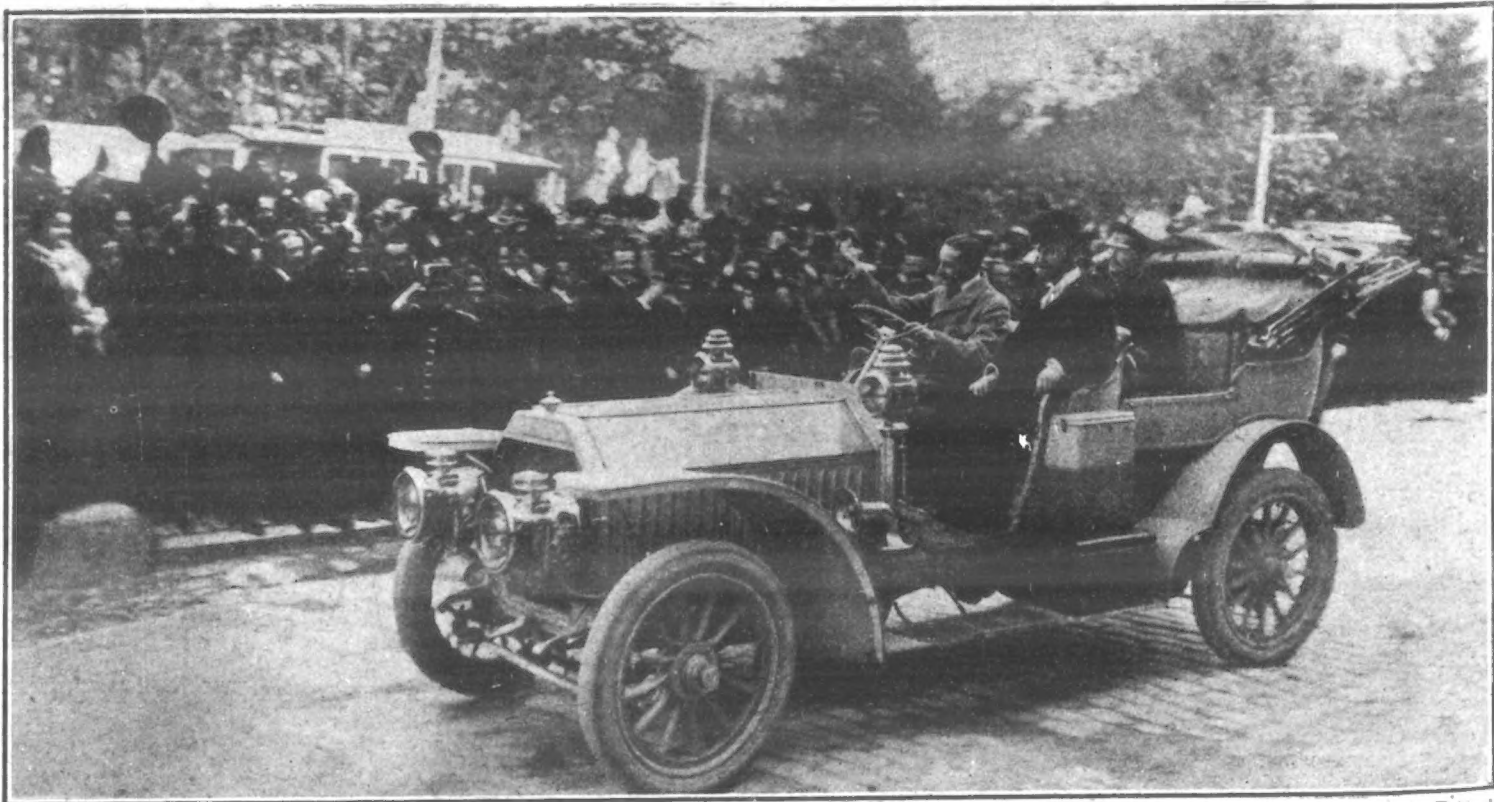
Trade Unions have brought the standard of wages up to a level at which the

decides that work must cease. He knows he is being unfairly paid in proportion to the services he gives, and he will not any longer accept his employer's money.

Under these circumstances, without the back-bone of Trade Union, he would be crushed by the rich employer. Instead of Justice the working man would see the workshop door slammed in his face, while he was left breadless to "come to his senses," these "senses" being submission to the avaricious demands of the man who doles out a starvation wage. Here it is that the wonderful organisation of Trade Unionism is set in motion, to safeguard the best interests of those who place themselves under its protection, to fight their battles, to throw its might against the might of the once all-powerful employer. Hands are joined in a common issue, and women and children are not left to suffer in

protection for which both master and man cannot be too deeply grateful. We hardly dare to think what might result if the broad influence and the clear deliberation of the great organising body which the working man has created did not make themselves felt throughout the land. If it were not for our various societies and co-operative bodies there would be perpetual strife, not only between master and man, but between employee and employee. The assumption of power by irresponsible persons would prove a source of unthinkable evils, while the hard-headed, straightforward typical British working man would be the first to condemn attack without system and a general clamour of every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost.

Nor must we forget how much Trade Unionism has done for the health and



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assert itself against the badgering, high-handed methods of Unionism. The intelligent bulk of workers are realising that the man who pays the piper should call the tune, and that when it is clear to the reason of the individual man that to strike work is not really to his best interests, or those of his fellow-workers, he should not be called upon to throw down his tools or suffer the penalty of breaking the laws made by Trade Union leaders.

It is one of the fatal mistakes of those who have not studied some of the less seen workings of Trade Unionism to believe that this association is producing a body of competent men. Admission to the Union in any of its branches does not involve a test of skill, while the free-masonry which exists among its members leads to placing in certain employments men who cannot possibly do justice to their honour as workers, or to the trust placed in them by employers. Against the trained and skilled artisan who desires to work well and honestly this acts hardly indeed, for very often he is made to suffer through the incompetence of those shielded by Trade Unionism and practising a craft under false pretences.

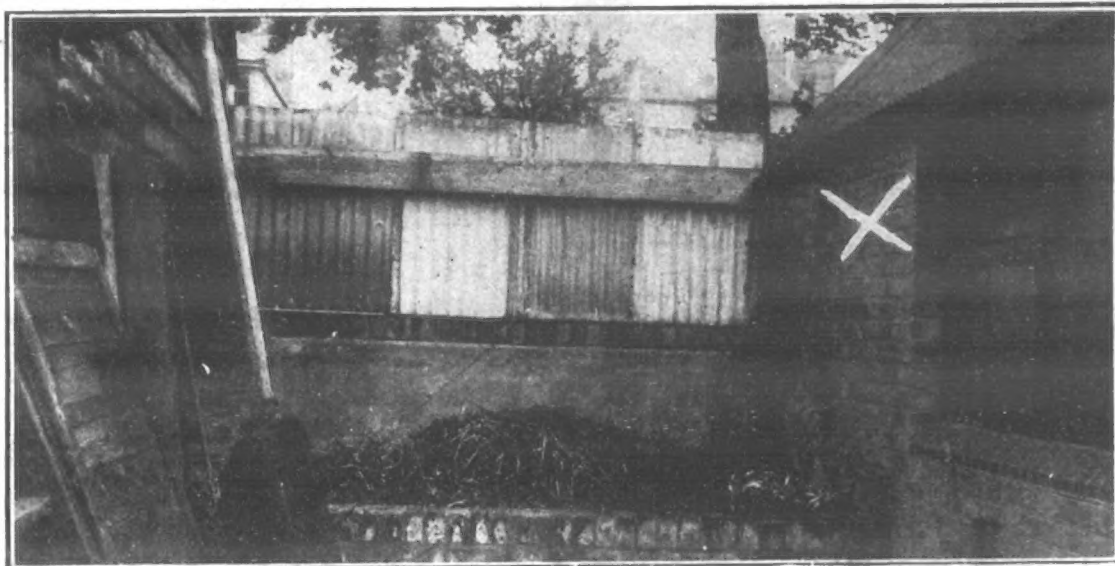
THE UNION OF EMPLOYEES HAS NOT BROUGHT BETTER WORKMEN

on to the scene. Every man who employs skilled and unskilled labour knows this, and he is also aware that it has encouraged the idler, and the malcontent who goes from workshop to workshop, spreading the spirit of unrest and revolt. Does the employer who considers that the labourer is worthy of his hire, and is willing to pay a high price for the highest class of work he can obtain, seek among the ranks of Union men? Master and man can answer that question for themselves, but we know the reply is not one which Trade Unionists would be wise to weave on their triumphal banners. If Trade Unions are to be supported it should be on the base of their becoming organisations for the production only of capable men, and that their capabilities in whatever trade they prefer should be examined before they are admitted to its ranks.

This might mean the reduction in the strength of the various societies to a surprising extent, but those who were left would be appreciated by their employers, would be men, not loafers; and, by clearing Trade Unionism of those not worthy to be classed among the sterling workers of this country, there would be a great diminution of deplorable strikes, which injure all but help none.

THE SHOOTING FATALITY AT WINDSOR.

Special "P.I.P." Photos.



The galvanized iron screen erected at the bottom of the gun-testing yard after complaints had been made. The white cross shows the stable past the corner of which a bullet would have had to pass to kill the child.

WHENCE came the bullet that struck down little Lillian Earley?

That is the question which, at the time of writing, is agitating the minds of the people of Windsor.

Briefly told, the story of this heart-rending tragedy is as follows: Lillian Beatrice Earley was the three-year-old daughter of parents residing in Goswell Place, Windsor. On Friday the 10th of May, little Lillian was playing in the street, never at any time being more than a few yards away from her home. A little later a neighbour saw the child fall, and on picking her up noticed that there was blood oozing from the side of her head. She carried her indoors to her mother, who at first thought that the wound was not very serious, and was merely the result of the fall. But Mrs. Earley, finding that the bleeding still continued, became alarmed, and took the child to the Infirmary, where the surgeon discovered that there was some hemorrhage of the brain, but was unable to discover the cause. The child was detained, but



The neighbour who heard the child screaming, and picked her up.

became gradually worse, and died on the Tuesday following the day of her accident.

It was then deemed necessary to hold a post-mortem examination, which resulted in the discovery of a hole right through the head, which hole, it seemed, could only have been made by a bullet. A careful examination of the wall, which stands immediately behind the spot where the child fell, revealed the fact that some object had struck the mortar, and on being found this proved to be a small bullet, either of the sort used in a revolver or in a miniature rifle.

Then arose the question—"Whence came this bullet?" At first sight it seemed possible that it might have come from a garden which is used by Mr. Coles, a gunmaker, as a range for the purpose of gun-testing. This range lies almost in a line with, but some distance away from, the spot where Lillian Earley fell. It is also stated that previous tenants of the house occupied by Mr. Earley had complained of flying bullets, one of which once struck the brickwork just above the front door. But upon further examination of the premises, it would seem almost impossible for the shot to have come from the direction of the range. A stable lies between the target at the bottom of the garden and the place where the child fell, and the bullet, had it come from thence, must have risen almost over the roof of this stable, and then fallen again to within two or three feet of the ground. Added to this is the significant fact that the direction of the hole made in the victim's head is upwards, that is to say, the bullet must have been rising more or

less from the ground when it struck the child. Moreover, beyond this, there is the very definite statement made by a representative of Mr. Coles that no firing whatever had taken place that morning. All this merely serves to deepen the mystery. Granted that the bullet did not come from the gunsmith's premises, there would seem only two other suppositions. Either someone else was practising in the vicinity on the morning in question, or else the deed was intentional. In the first case, something must surely have before now come to light concerning the matter, while the other theory, that of deliberate and cold-blooded murder, is almost too sinister a one to be entertained. What possible motive could there have been for the slaughter of an innocent child of such tender years?

There is a rumour that shortly before the tragic event another neighbour of the Earleys saw a man carrying what appeared to be a revolver, walking down Goswell Place, but she naturally connected him with one of the rifle-ranges in the vicinity, and took no particular notice of his appearance.

Anyway, at the time of writing, the matter must remain one for speculation, with the hope that some light may be shed on the mystery as soon as possible. For the present, all

that can be done is to sympathise with the hearthbroken parents.

It fell to the lot of our representative to see little Lillian as she lay in her coffin. She had evidently been a very pretty child, with refined, clear-cut features, and soft, curly brown hair, which latter almost hid the traces of the missile which had cut short her young life. It was difficult to realise, as she lay there, that the prattling tongue was stilled, that the baby eyes would no more look out on to a child's world. It all seemed so cruel and inexplicable.

TWELVE MEN SHOT.

AN extraordinary gun accident, following hard on the heels of the Windsor tragedy, occurred in connection with a pigeon-shooting match at Temple Mills, Leyton, on Monday.

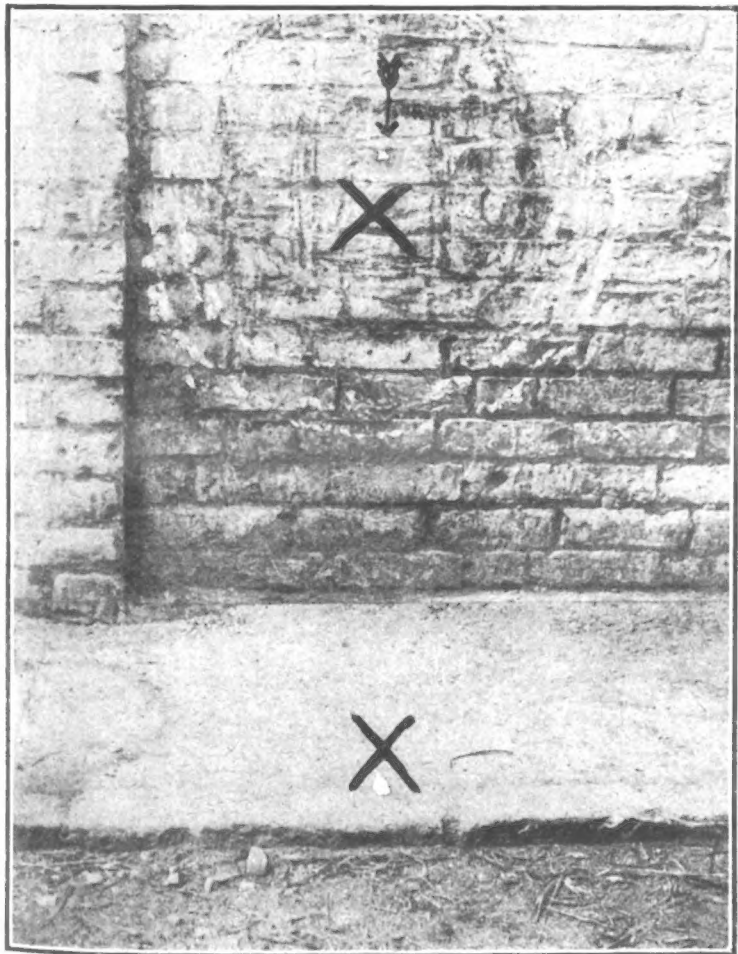
A man named John Graham, who was standing on the outskirts of the ground with a double-barrelled gun in his hand, stumbled, and caught the triggers with



No. 7, Goswell Place, Windsor, where Lillian Beatrice Earley lived with her parents.

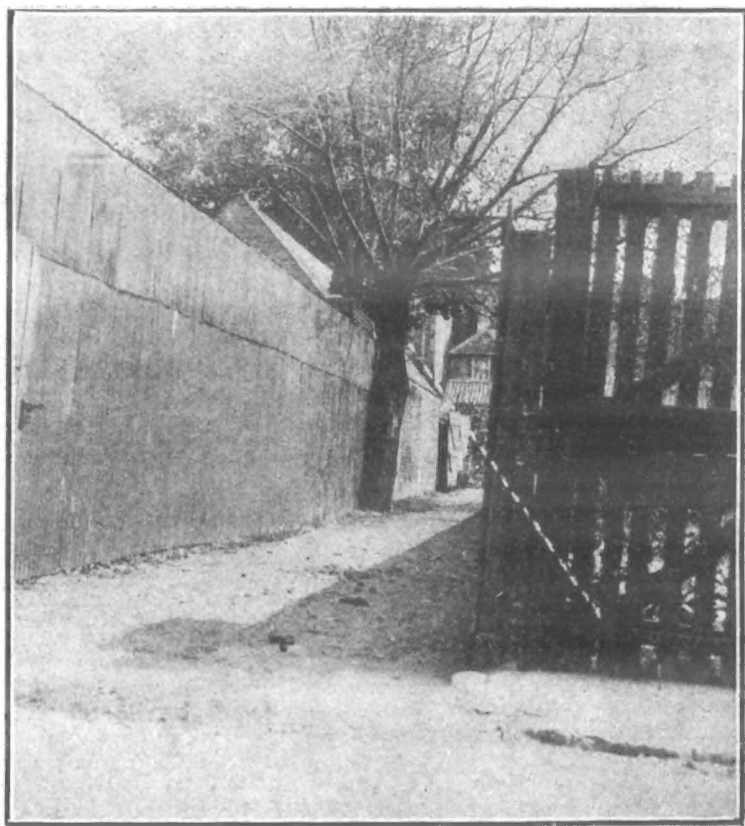
his coat. Both barrels went off, and the shots were scattered among a crowd of men thirty yards away. A dozen of them were wounded. Ten were treated at West Ham Hospital, but were not detained.

Graham accompanied them, and surrendered to the police, who were satisfied that the affair was accidental, and did not detain him.



WHERE THE CALAMITY HAPPENED.

At the top can be seen the dent (marked by arrow and cross) which it is alleged the bullet made in the wall after passing through the child's brain. The police have drawn circles in chalk round the place. The cross below marks the spot where the child fell.



AN ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE FLIGHT.

Our dotted line shows the course that the fatal bullet must have taken—just missing the edge of a stable, the trunk of a tree, and the corner of a fence—to have been fired from the yard in which guns are tested.

MISS DESPERADO.

By HENRY T. JOHNSON.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

"MARAH! Marah!" protested Nurse Sylvain. "But the girl, with a quick, indignant gesture, replied, 'Silence, mother! You must not interfere in this; you know my plans, and this man now has my answer to his challenge.'"

"Whew!" whistled Mr. Gibson. "Mother, eh! Then here's a drama within a drama. This accounts for lots I couldn't understand."

"Marah!" the Grey Nurse cried hastily, "can't you see we are in this fellow's hands, and that we must come to terms?"

Then to Gibson himself she said, "Go now, I will arrange for your silence to be bought and for your price to be paid."

For a moment he stood irresolute, then said drily, "I knew she was a tartar first time I set eyes on her in that dusty Belgian road, but I didn't know," he added, showing his fangs, "that she was a fraud as well. I thought she was as straight and true as that other girl, the real lady of the manor, the real Diana Jerningham, for all her vixen's temper. Look here, Miss High-and-mighty," he said, turning to Marah savagely, "You don't suppose you're going to carry it off like this—that you're going to keep all the boodle and nobody else is to ask the reason why. It's pretty fine for a hussy like you to call people names: what'll they call you if I split, as I swear I will if you don't pay my terms? What's a black-mailer, after all, worse than a thief, a trespasser, a swindler and a fraud?"

"Hush, hush!" cried the Nurse, wringing her hands. "You don't know all. She is here not to perpetrate, but to undo a wrong."

But, somewhat to Gibson's surprise, the younger woman, instead of betraying fear or agitation, remained obdurate, defiant and scornful as ever.

"Leave this house," she cried, "or I will call the servants and have you ejected!"

"You will, will you?" he answered savagely, but surprised at her audacity. "Call 'em, then, and let me tell them that they are no more your servants than they are mine. Bring in the real mistress of this house, the widow you are robbing of her rights, who hates you even while she believes they're yours, and who would never rest till you were in the County gaol if she knew what I know—and what I swear she shall know if you won't come to terms. Ah! and remember, my terms will not grow less with refusal. My conditions may be amplified—by George! they shall be amplified; for, though you're a little she-devil, you're an attractive little devil, and I always, worse luck for me, had an eye for a pretty face and a shapely figure." And he fixed on Marah such a look that beneath it her face turned fire.

"Forbear! forbear!" the Grey Nurse cried. "Surely you are not a coward as well as a ruffian!"

But the worse part of Mr. Gibson's nature was uppermost, and he exclaimed indignantly: "Here, stow that! Never mind what I am; write me down for what you like. The question is—what's she? And what are you, for that matter, aiding and abetting her? It comes to this, if I tell my tale—it'll mean her doing time. And tell my tale I swear I will unless I'm well paid—yes, and my terms are come to!" And again the look was in his eyes that scorched Marah's cheeks like fire.

In a frenzy of desperation Marah flung open the door, and, ringing for servants, cried defiantly: "Leave this house, or you shall be thrown from it! Go! Go!" Her daring defiance amazed and, in truth, disconcerted the blackmailer. Arrogantly as he had wielded the rod of his secret, he reflected that the exposure of Marah Delahay would entail some amount of publicity for himself, and he reflected that publicity, especially of a nature possibly involving police investigations, might be productive of unpleasant consequences; but he resolved to hold on to the bluff as long and as boldly as possible, and he knew that the other woman was disposed to temporise.

"Very well, then," he said summarily, "if you will have a show up, you shall. Have me ejected, if you like; I'll tell those who put me out by whose orders they are acting. When I'm sent from the door that you call yours, I go straight to that of the police-station."

"Marah! we must pay him off!" Nurse Sylvain whispered, for the servant's step was at the door.

But Marah exclaimed defiantly—"Not so, mother! He shall not be bought off, but driven off. Now go!" With commanding hand she pointed to the door, which at the moment opened, and the servant entering announced—"Mr. Jerrold and Mr. and Miss Wynne."

Nurse Sylvain uttered an exclamation of despair; the intruder an ejaculation of triumph. Marah Delahay, standing there with eyes ablaze with excitement, cheeks aflame with anger, said quietly, but with tense determination—"Show them in here, and then show this person out. But first show this person out."

Mr. Gibson shook his head defiantly. "No," he said, "first show them in here. I'll see them before I go."

A moment Marah paused, then replied, with sudden but quiet resolution, "Very well, then, it shall be so; yes, show them in here at once."

"Marah! what are you going to do?" exclaimed Nurse Sylvain, directly the servant's back was turned.

And Mr. Gibson, with vague reflections as to the folly of killing geese capable of laying golden eggs, of a sudden abandoned his bluff, and chimed in: "Why do you want to be rash? Why can't you be reasonable, as this

replied; while her mother waited with amazement and terror, wondering what next was coming.

"Without your permission!" exclaimed Felix. "Why didn't you tell us so just now? How dare he?"

"He came," said Marah, "to tell me a story."

"About his wretched repairs?" asked Felicia.

"No," said Marah; "about—me."

"A story about yourself?" the three exclaimed in wonderment. "What story?"

And Marah answered, "I will tell you."

CHAPTER XVII.

The servant who ushered Mr. Gibson to the hall door with icy asperity, having closed it upon him, returned to the servants' hall to record to his colleagues his impression that the impudent fellow had been giving of himself airs, and cheeking Miss Diana, and that she had been giving him a dressing-down, and serve him right, and that for his part he wondered how such a fellow had the impudence to intrude himself on gentle-folks, as he had been known to do at the

come off! I never guessed he was in hearing, I never thought of that infernal balcony; so, Ferret, you know my game—you've seen my cards. Now, what's your game, and how am I to meet it?"

He resumed his progress towards the lodge gates, pondering this problem.

Meantime, Eli Harker, having regained his offices, went straight to the telephone, and, having rung up the local Superintendent of Police, said in a very low tone, "I want to see you as quietly as possible." "What about?" "Well, I can't tell you now over the wire, but I want to give you some valuable information; but mind, it mustn't come from me. No; you'd better not come here—no; neither will I come to the station. I know, call for me at the County Club to-night at—let's see—it's light till eight—then make it ten."

Swiftly as his legs would carry him, Eli sought the rooms Mrs. Jerningham was still inhabiting pending the preparation of the Dower House, and asked her maid for an immediate interview. This, however, was not granted without some reluctance, the late mistress of the Manor being at first under the impression that Eli's errand was for the purpose of obtaining her assistance in yet another harsh and high-handed action against some tenant of the estate. So far he had had little difficulty in doing this, for it had been some solace to the deposed lady of the Manor House to exercise some influence or power, directly or indirectly, in the affairs of those who took such little pains to conceal their satisfaction at her deposition.

Mr. Harker had, however, of late

And now it was Mr. Harker's turn to be deliberate. "There's a question to be settled first," he said.

"What manner of question?" she asked, in a tone of surprise.

"What I've found out means more than you dream of to you; and I want to know where I stand in. I want my price."

Then she vaguely, and he definitely, bargained, and Mr. Harker's price and Mr. Harker's terms were fixed and put in black and white, crudely but sufficiently. Then Harker told the story of his discovery.

And Matthew Jerningham's widow sprang erect, elated, transfigured, almost bewildered, and entirely exulting in what she had heard; and, impatient to drag the usurper from her seat and trample her in the dust, she exclaimed to Eli Harker: "Come! come! at once, to confront her, to challenge her, to turn her out of these doors, to send her adrift—No, no! to send her, manacled and guarded, to other doors awaiting her—doors that shall be barred and chained upon her."

"I—I thought of that," said Eli, "and thinking of her—and of someone else—I've arranged to see the Superintendent at ten o'clock to-night."

"At ten to-night?" Mrs. Jerningham almost screamed with fierce indignation. "Why, it's hours till then—we may have her in the cells long before ten o'clock. But come with me now to face the hussy and her mother—yes, and to drive that fellow Wynne and his sister from my doors."

CHAPTER XVIII.

When the library door closed behind Mr. Gibson, Felix Wynne exclaimed—

"Diana! What does it all mean? That man has intruded here, has been unmannerly—offensive? Tell me his errand."

"He has been attempting blackmail." "Blackmail!" cried the three. And Nurse Sylvain hissed in her ear: "Child, remember what you are doing! Silence!"

"No, mother," said Marah, "the time for silence has gone. It is time to speak out."

Felicia and her companions stared at each other in bewilderment, each repeating that one word in mechanical amazement—"Mother!"

"Yes," said Marah simply. "Nurse Sylvain is my mother. Her name is Sylvain Delahay; mine is Marah!"

"Marah?" cried Felicia. "Marah Delahay! But it was Marah Delahay who was drowned in the collision in the North Sea."

"Not so. It was Diana Jerningham who was drowned—Marah Delahay was saved and stands before you. *Me voici!*" And with a deprecatory gesture she opened her palms downwards and drooped her eyes, while the roses faded from her cheeks, leaving them lily-white.

"Merciful Heaven!" said Stephen Jerrold. "This means—"

"Fraud, impersonation, probably prison," said the self-confessed girl quietly. Then, turning soft eyes on Felix, she said, in a low voice, "Now you understand. Knowing all this, I would not let you fix a millstone on your neck to drag you down."

"Great Heaven!" cried Stephen Jerrold; "can we believe our ears?"

"Yes," said Marah's mother, stepping forward, "what she has told has been the truth and nothing but the truth. She has not, however, told all the truth, and since she has told so much, it is best that all the truth should be told."

And then and there, to her astounded hearers she told the secret of Marah's relationship to the dead man, and the motive that had impelled her persistence in her usurpation—told, too, how she had compelled that persistence when Marah would have abandoned it.

Stephen Jerrold the lawyer, listening to that desperate story, found himself, as such, opposed for once, in theory, to Stephen Jerrold the man.

Felix for some moments stood amazed—almost instinctively he looked across to his sister, the sister—friend, adviser, who since he could remember, had shared his confidences, consoled him in defeat, rejoiced with him in victory. She said no word, but, as if in answer to that look, she glided across to where Marah was standing, self-confessed and self-abased, and taking both her hands, murmured, "My poor, over-tried darling!"

And this touch of gentle, womanly, sister sympathy touching Marah's heart, released the pent-up tears, and giving way to a passion of weeping, she let Felicia fold her to her gentle heart.

Fraud—impersonation—brigandage, these and other even uglier words flashed through the brain of Felix Wynne while Marah Delahay stood there self-arraigned and self-confessed.

(To be continued.)



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT ALDERSHOT.

Last week the Prince of Wales visited Aldershot and presented new colours to the Welsh Fusiliers.

lady advises? And look here! I'll be reasonable too. I'll take a fair price; I'll make a fair bargain and keep it—and forget what I said—about conditions—and that sort of thing; it was only my fooling. Look here, I shall come back again, or perhaps you'll—you and this lady—will communicate with me." Then, to Nurse Sylvain: "I don't want to harm her. I don't bear her any malice, for all she's such a vixen, if she'll only be reasonable. Try and persuade her."

"Yes, yes," Nurse Sylvain answered hastily. "I will persuade her, but you see how obstinate she is. Leave it to me." And just as Felicia, with a rippling laugh, flitted across the threshold and kissed Marah on both flaming cheeks, Mr. Gibson, with a bow, said: "Good-morning, ladies. Thank you for the honour of this interview and for so kindly considering the question of my repairs. Good-morning."

"Diana," exclaimed Felicia, "how hot your cheeks are, and what a colour you have! Have you been having a wrangle with your tenant about his horrid premises? Well, those are the penalties of vast possessions."

"Upon my word, I'm surprised at Harker letting the plantation cottage to that man," said Jerrold; "although he was, to my mind, such a highly respectable and superior person, I've heard dreadful accounts of the way he broke out the day he left the Minster Hotel, where he was billiard-marker."

"A billiard-marker!" exclaimed Felicia. "Gracious, Diana, how came you to have such a tenant in here?"

"He came here without my permission," the girl, in a low but steady voice,

Dean's garden-party, why on earth Mr. Harker took him as tenant for any premises on the estate, let alone that snug little cottage, for to his mind there was some mystery about that man.

Meantime, Mr. Gibson himself strode along the winding drive leading from the terrace in a species of daze.

"The little she-cat!" he muttered, clenching his hands, "the vixen! But what's it all mean? By Jupiter! she carried herself as high and mighty as if she were the injured heroine of a melodrama, instead of being an impudent, desperate female swindler of the highest order! And yet I've met in my time women who've been on the crook, big women—swindlers who've played desperate games for big stakes, but they haven't been quite like her; and what did that other woman mean—her mother, too—there's a wheel within a wheel, I'll swear! What did she mean about my not knowing all—that she was there, not to perpetrate but to undo a wrong? It strikes me I've only got half the story yet, and that there's more in this than meets the eye. Diana Jerningham, alias Marah Delahay—convent schoolgirl—tartar—vixen—she-cat—who and what really are you?"

As he spoke he turned round, and faced that ancient Manor House, thus apostrophising the girl who ruled within it, and as he did so, he started, for there—along the balcony running below the windows of the first storey, a form was stealthily stealing back towards the scaffolding of the burnt-out wing still under repair. And Mr. Gibson, with a whispered oath, recognised it as the form of Eli Harker!

"The hound!" he hissed between set teeth, "this time his ambush has

been somewhat insistent in these matters, and the widow had begun to suspect that their confirmation of some of his contentions had been availed of to his financial benefit. And Mrs. Jerningham concluded that the time was come to check Eli Harker with a snub.

But this time, in reply to her curt intimation that she could not conveniently see him, he sent in an enigmatical scribbled message—"See me at once in your own interest—urgent—have made wonderful discovery." And a few moments later Eli was admitted.

Something in his face awakened her interest, the malevolent exultation in his eyes, the hard set of the cruel mouth, and she inquired quite amiably, "Come now, Mr. Harker, what is this wonderful discovery? Is Wattle carrying on a wholesale trade in game with the markets? Has Miss Jerningham exceeded her rights in granting another right-of-way or reducing another rent?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" His laugh suggested insensibly a wild cat's snarl. "The party you mean has been exceeding a good many rights," he said, with a chuckle. And it dawned on Mrs. Jerningham that she was scarcely consulting her own dignity in discussing quite so freely another lady of the family with one of its servants.

She glanced at the clock. "I must ask you to be as brief as possible," she said frigidly, "and to confine yourself to matters that concern me."

"It all concerns you—concerns you more than you ever dream," he said; "you don't know what I've found out means to you—and means to her," he snarled.

With awakened interest she commanded: "Tell me then."

THE VILLAGE OF ROBINSON CRUSOE: A HOLIDAY IN THE TREE-TOPS.



A HUT FOR HIGH TEA.

A typical tree-hut in the strange pleasure-resort.

WITH the advent of fine weather one's thoughts naturally turn towards the country and to the various pleasure resorts, and assuredly the pleasure-loving Parisian is not loth to take advantage of the new French law compelling all employers to give one day's rest each week to their workpeople. But even Parisians become

somewhat tired of the usual Sunday afternoon's outings to St. Cloud, Joinville, St. Germain, Versailles, and the like, agreeable though these excursions may be.

It was with this thought in mind that the writer decided to visit that much-spoken-of but rarely-visited little village of Robinson. The majority of Parisians, and certainly a few Anglo-Saxons have

heard the magic name of Robinson Crusoe in connection with picnics round Paris, but exactly where it is situated, and the means of access to it, are certainly unknown quantities to the average resident on the right bank of the Seine. One may take the Metro, as far as the Place Denfert-Rochereau (celebrated as the entrance to the Catacombs), where the railway-station on the direct line to Sceaux-Robinson is to be found, or, should one have plenty of time, the tram may be taken from the Gare Montparnasse.

The French have long had the reputation for creative art, but it is incredible that they should have allowed their imaginative genius to go the length of building a new town, modelling huts after the style of architecture adopted by Defoe's handy man for his summer dwelling, and then to crown the project by christening the place after the name of the immortal castaway of the lonely isle.

A more delightful spot could scarcely be imagined, situated as it is on very high ground, in the midst of a verdant district, with a beautifully wooded valley below. It is now something like seventy years ago that a restaurateur of Sceaux named J. Guesquin aîné conceived the idea of erecting a rustic hut, such as the one supposed to have been employed by Robinson Crusoe, for the benefit of his customers. The venture was not long in becoming popular with the Parisian public, especially with those residing in the Montrouge quarter, and Guesquin's one hut speedily became two—and then three. The land of Crusoe began to flourish.

The originator of the scheme then went a little further with his idea, and built a hut in the branches of an old chestnut-tree, believing that even if Robinson Crusoe did not build his house in a tree the Swiss family Robinson did, and anyway it was, he thought, good for business. Of course his clients were delighted, and Guesquin was not long in finding imitators. Rival caterers followed his example, and huts began to crop up like mushrooms, and it became a Parisian fashion to go to Robinson to have *déjeuner* or *dîner* up aloft away from the dust of passing vehicles. The village grew in importance, and received the name of Robinson, which it has retained to this day, and probably always will.

As the *clientèle* continued to grow, higher and higher went the huts, until they were to be found in the uppermost branches of the beautiful old *châtaigniers* which abound on the countryside, and Robinson became known as the one place in the world where one could drink one's apéritif or enjoy a dainty Parisian lunch or dinner high up above terra firma. The views to be obtained from the more elevated huts are enchanting in the extreme, the magnificently wooded valley of Verrières stretching out for miles. The old original establishment, now known as the "Vrai Arbre de Robinson," is certainly the most popular of the half-dozen or more that now cater for the public. It is easily recognisable by the effigy of Robinson Crusoe which is to be seen at the corner of the establishment. It must, however, not be thought that Robinson relies solely upon its tree restaurants to attract the public, far from it. In the grounds are to be found swings, seesaws, shooting galleries, rings, and last, but certainly not the least attraction is dancing. I have an idea that this latter amusement is quite as great an attraction as the subsequent dinner up in the old oak or chestnut tree, judging by the mirth and hilarity that one hears emerging from the dancing-room.

On the high road the patient but obstreperous donkey is to be found on hire, and even the noble horse and whole turnouts may be procured for a short time for quite a nominal figure. Those who like to indulge in a glass of milk, fresh from the cow, may have their desire gratified for three sous the glass, for there is an establishment specially arranged for this business on the roadside. In a word, one sees nothing but gaiety and amusement in Robinson; roars of laughter, plenty of good-natured chaff, but no drunkenness or horse-play.

Two other establishments worth visiting are "A l'arbre des Roches" and "Au Gros Châtaignier," where the old chestnut-tree is supposed to be four or five centuries old.

As will be seen from the accompanying illustrations, some of the larger trees harbour as many as three huts, each capable of accommodating a score or more people at one time. It is a sight worth going to see, especially on a Sunday or public holiday, when the trees and grounds appear literally to be alive, laughter and song issuing from the leafy bowers, to the accompaniment of the music of the dancing-room.

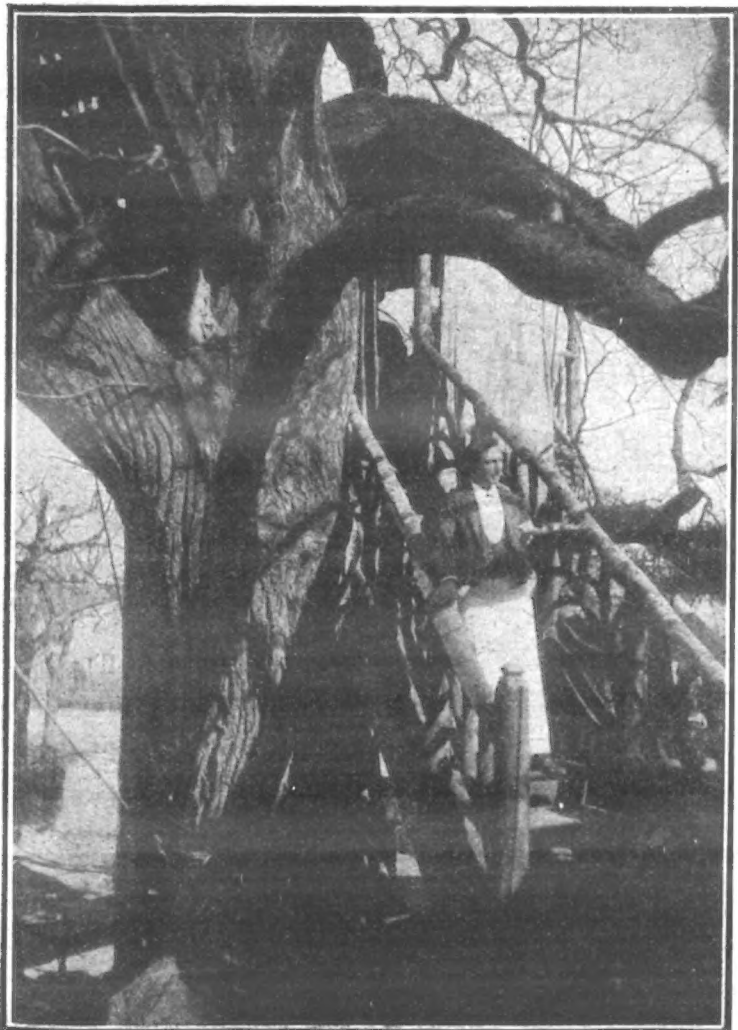


UP ABOVE THE WORLD SO HIGH.

One of the tree-restaurants where luncheon is served.

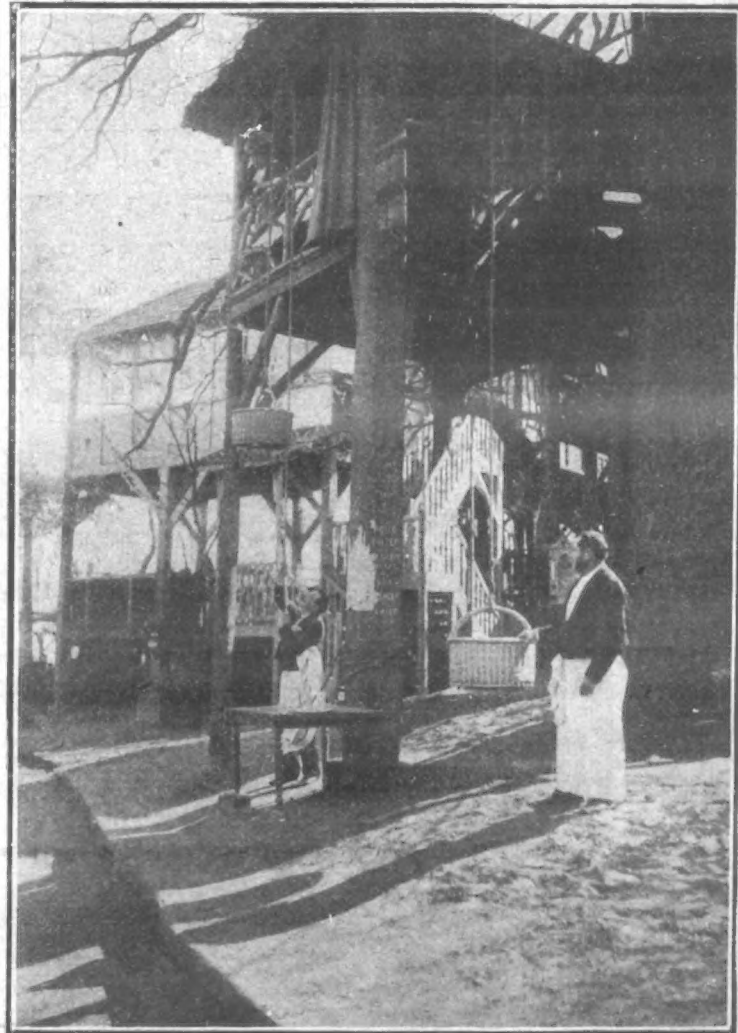
The dishes for *déjeuner* or *dinner* are placed in a large basket, which is then hoisted to the hut by means of a rope and pulley. The waiter in attendance above removes the plates and dishes from the basket and sends back the dirty ones by the same means. Another *garçon* is, of course, on duty to look after the hoisting operations.

Perhaps a word or two may not be out of place as regards prices. If one goes to one of the smaller restaurants, a decent meal can be had for a couple of shillings or half-a-crown, whilst at the more important establishments a good dinner for two persons may run into a matter of half-a-sovereign all told. For drinks, Paris prices prevail.



A WAY FOR THE WAITER.

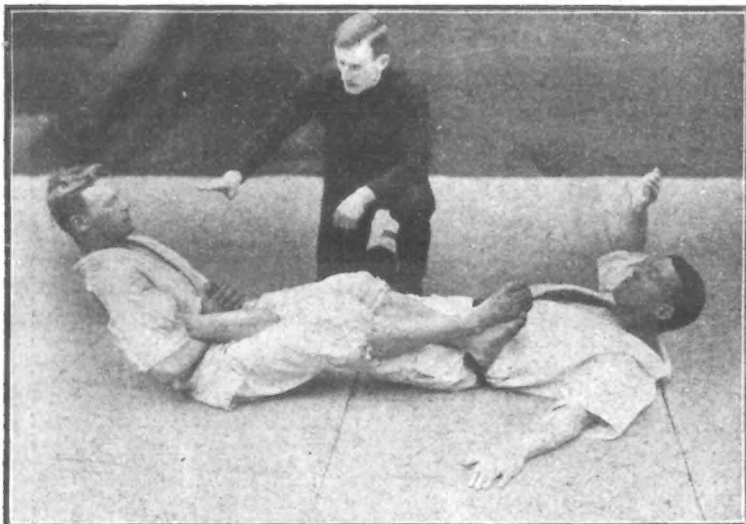
Waiter descending the rustic stairs leading from a restaurant in a tree.



THE ELEVATED EATERS.

A waiter sending up meals to a customer in a tree-hut.

Photos. Illus. Bureau.



NAVAL JU-JITSU.

Sailors are being taught the Japanese method of self-defence. Our photograph illustrates a leg-lock.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

SO far as the merry (?) month of May has proceeded at present, it has well belied its ancient character, and cricketers owe it a heavy grudge accordingly. It is hardly to be expected that men can do themselves justice on the field. The cold, biting wind has also had an effect upon the attendances, and it really is a wonder that they have shown even moderately good form. Let us hope that the sun will soon make his appearance, for cricket, of all games, is the one that, to be properly enjoyed, requires genial surroundings.

Perhaps the greatest event of last week was the defeat of Yorkshire by Worcestershire. The county of the Fosters has been playing in first-class circles since 1899, but never before had they succeeded in beating their northern rivals. It was fitting that a member of the great athletic family which has done so much for their shire should have a big hand in the victory, and H. K. Foster is to be heartily congratulated on two fine innings of 63 and 54, while the next two deserving of honourable mention are Bowley and Pearson. The fate of the match was practically decided on the first innings, when Yorks were all dismissed by Arnold and Cuffie for 119 runs. The ex-champions made a plucky effort in their second innings, but were finally beaten by 54 runs.

Hampshire are evidently a team of promise this season, and they had none the worst of their draw with Middlesex last week-end. The metropolitan county did so well that at the close of an innings apiece they had

established a lead of 49 runs. At their second attempt they were able to declare with 249 for seven wickets, but Hants were equal to the task of staving off defeat, and the match was drawn. On the last day G. W. Beldam scored a century for Middlesex, and Bowell one for Hampshire.

Surrey had a very easy task with Derbyshire at the Oval, the home county beating their rivals by seven wickets. Hayward failed with the bat for Surrey, but he was far from well, so it was learned afterwards, and he was unable to take part in the match against Notts, which commenced on Whit Monday. The best work with the bat for the winners was that of J. N. Crawford, Hobbs, and Hayes, and Crawford did admirable work with the ball. For Derbyshire



JACK AND JAP.

The British sailors are fast learning all the tricks. A head and leg lock.

effort, however, he is sure to be given an extended trial. Another great innings was that of Woolley, and it was second only in numbers to that of his colleague. He made 99 for the second time this season, and his failure by only one run on both occasions must be classed as the worst of hard luck.

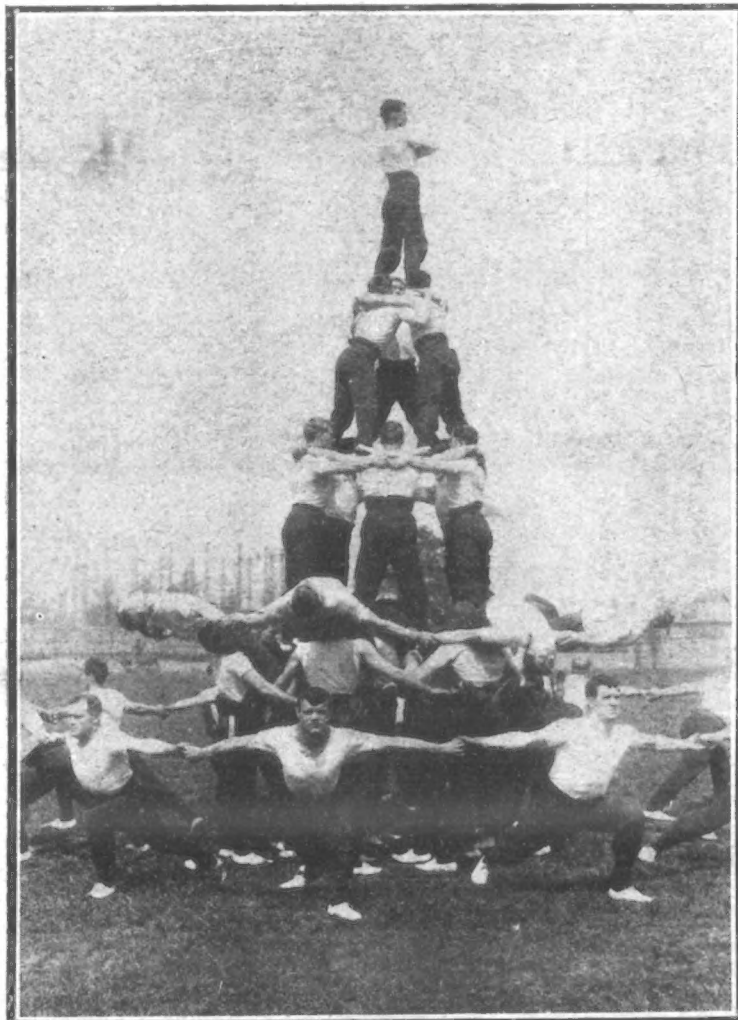
The South Africans began their tour in England when they met Leicestershire on Monday. It is too early yet to judge of their form, for the weather is all against them, but enough has been seen to warrant the assumption that they are a good side. An accident to Tancred, one of their most able batsmen, happened on the very opening day of their programme, but fortunately it was not serious.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

Whitsuntide is invariably a busy time with athletes and cyclists, and to name the number of meetings and recount the doings of the various performers would occupy a page of the *P.I.P.* Therefore, I am unable to give more than a passing glance to the events afoot and awheel, and it must of necessity be the more important that I deal with. The weather has not been in favour of fast times, nevertheless some good performances have been accomplished.

At the sports of the Demon Cycling Club at Coventry last Saturday, the principal interest centred in the doings of the Worcester crack, E. Payne. He was engaged in the half-mile and five miles cycle-races, and won them both. In the former race it took him 1 min. 9 sec. to defeat A. Taylor and Vic Pratt; while in the longer event it occupied him 12 min. 57 2-5 sec. to vanquish H. Edwards, of the Putney A.C. He also gained two winning brackets on Monday. Another dual winner was R. Powell, of the Coventry Arab C.C., who secured the cycle handicaps at half a mile and a mile. W. Tutton, of the Coventry Godiva Harriers, won the 100 yards, H. Baden the half-mile flat, and J. Watts the mile.

The 2nd South Middlesex R.V. held their annual meeting at Stamford Bridge, but, with the exception of a half-mile open flat-race, the events were confined to Volunteers. The race referred to was won by J. Green,



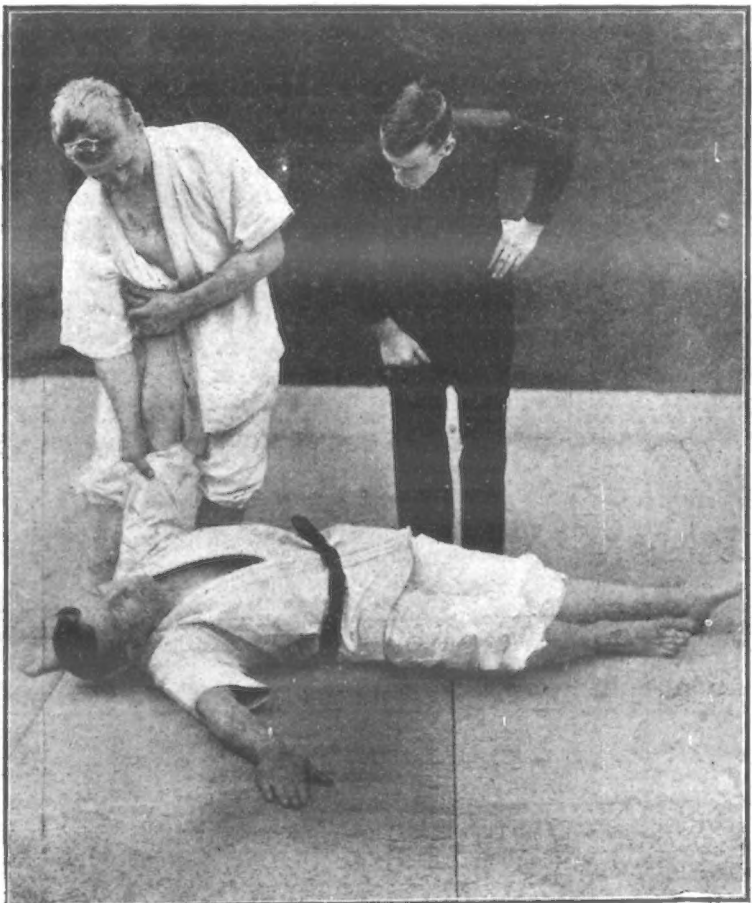
REHEARSING FOR THE NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT: A COMPLETED PYRAMID AT PORTSMOUTH.

L. G. Wright only just missed the century by three in the second innings.

It is really remarkable what a difference Hayward's presence or absence makes to Surrey. Of course, he has often been dismissed for less than double figures, and now and again for a "duck," but on those occasions someone has come to the rescue. When absent, however, nearly everybody else seems to fail, a sure indication of the moral effect his presence has on the batting of his fellows. This was particularly so on Whit Monday in the Notts match. The lace county quite outplayed them at the first attempt, only Holland making any show at all.

Which county is to rob Kent of the championship? One might go one better, and ask if there is a side in England capable of beating them at all. Their latest sensation has been to treat Sussex with scant respect and scoring a mammoth innings. The hero of the big item was Hardinge, who scored his first century in first-class cricket.

This young player made 129, and his success was the more welcome from the fact that his position in the team has been by no means secure. After his fine



NOVELTIES IN THE NAVY:



THE NEW STYLE OF FIGHTING.



THE SOUTH AFRICANS' FIRST MATCH IN ENGLAND.

On Monday last the South African team met Leicester in their first match in this country



THE CART-HORSE PARADE IN REGENT'S PARK.



THE CART-HORSE PARADE IN REGENT'S PARK.

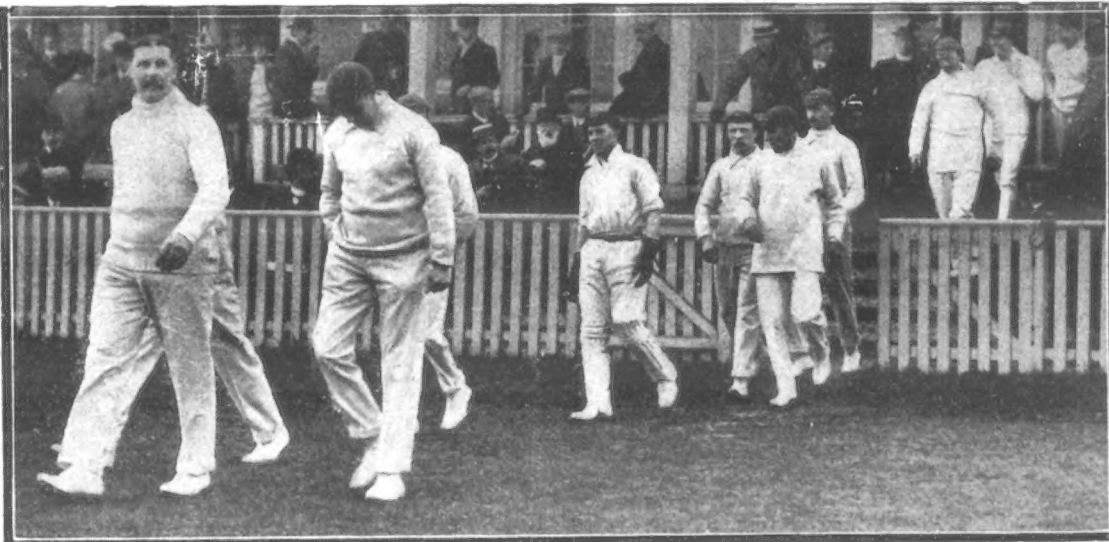
of the Woolwich Polytechnic Harriers, in the fast time of 1 min. 56 2-5 sec., but that was with the aid of a start of 58 yards. The only other event worth special mention was a mile flat handicap, this being won by Private H. Fisher, 1st Cadet Battalion, K.R.R., in 4 min. 24 2-5 sec.

A. E. Wills is in great form, as he clearly demonstrated at a "promoted" meeting at Canning Town. It is the first occasion on which the Putney man has competed in London as what is professionally known as a "cash rider." He won the 100 kilometres motor-paced cycle race, from a coloured American rider named Germain, with V. B. Casey third, his time being 1 hour, 47 min., 54 sec. He will attempt to lower record for an hour to-morrow (Saturday) at Canning Town. The ten miles open Motor Cycle Scratch Race at the same meeting was won by C. R. Collier in 11 min., 41 3-5 sec.

At the Leeds Athletic Festival, the Northern Counties A.A. Championship at four miles was won by A. Duncan,

of Salford. J. Roberts, Sefton, and W. T. Clark, Sefton, were his runners up, the time being 20 min. 1 1-5 sec. Another local championship was that of the Midland Counties, and this fell to a man running in the name of a London club, F. H. Hulford, of the Malden Harriers, in 4 min. 32 1-5 sec. The winner, however, is also well-known in connection with the Birchfield Harriers.

The feature of the Irish Championships Meeting at Balls Bridge, Dublin, on Monday was the number of holders of titles that were beaten. J. J. Reid was a solitary exception, as he again won the three miles walk, his time being 24 min. 20 3-5 sec. J. P. Roach equalled the Irish 100 yards record of 10 1-2 sec., and also won the 220 yards. F. Crawford won the quarter in 54 1-5 sec., and the



SOUTH AFRICANS v. LEICESTER.

Sir A. Hazlerigg leading the Leicester team out to field.

NOTICE TO "P.I.P." CRICKETERS.

WE are always glad to know of the doings of P.I.P. readers at cricket. County matches are interesting enough in their way, but we are sure that our readers would be even more interested to see in print the doings of themselves and their friends. We are therefore making all P.I.P. cricketers the following offer:—

We will publish week by week the results of matches played by clubs of which any of our readers are members, free of charge. All we require is that the information—full names and scores—reach us on the Monday after the Saturday on which the games have been played.

Hurry up, "Pippers," and do not lose this opportunity of having your sporting achievements chronicled.



THE KING AT HURST PARK.

On Monday his Majesty motored from Reigate Priory, where he spent Whitsun, to Hurst Park Races.

half-mile in 2 min. 2 3-5 sec. D. Murray was first in the hurdles and long jump, his time for the former being 17 sec. L. A. Kieley and D. Carey tied in the hammer-throwing; J. McGough won the mile; T. Hynes was first home in the four miles; and C. Leahy won the high jump with a leap of 6 ft. 1 in.

The South London Harriers were over in Paris on Monday, but they were unable to defeat the Racing Club de France, who won by five events to three. J. P. George took a couple of events for the South Londoners, winning both the 100 metres and 400 metres very easily, but F. A. Knott was a disappointment in the 1600 metres race, in which he was beaten by Keyser. On the other hand, the Polytechnic team defeated the Stade Français by five events to two.

At the meeting of the Anerley Bicycle Club, at the Crystal Palace last Monday, H. D. Buck, the holder of the Cycling Gold Bowl, greatly disappointed his friends by failing to retain possession of the trophy. He won his heat, but could only get third in the final. W. H. T. Isaacs won, with W. Morissetti second, the time being 31 sec.

NOTICE.—In future, all Editorial Communications for the "P.I.P." must be addressed to 172, Strand, London, W.C.



THE SOUTH AFRICANS AT LEICESTER.

Tancred and Sherwell coming out to bat: the first two batsmen of the team to bat this year against an English county club.

PICTURES & PEOPLE OF INTEREST

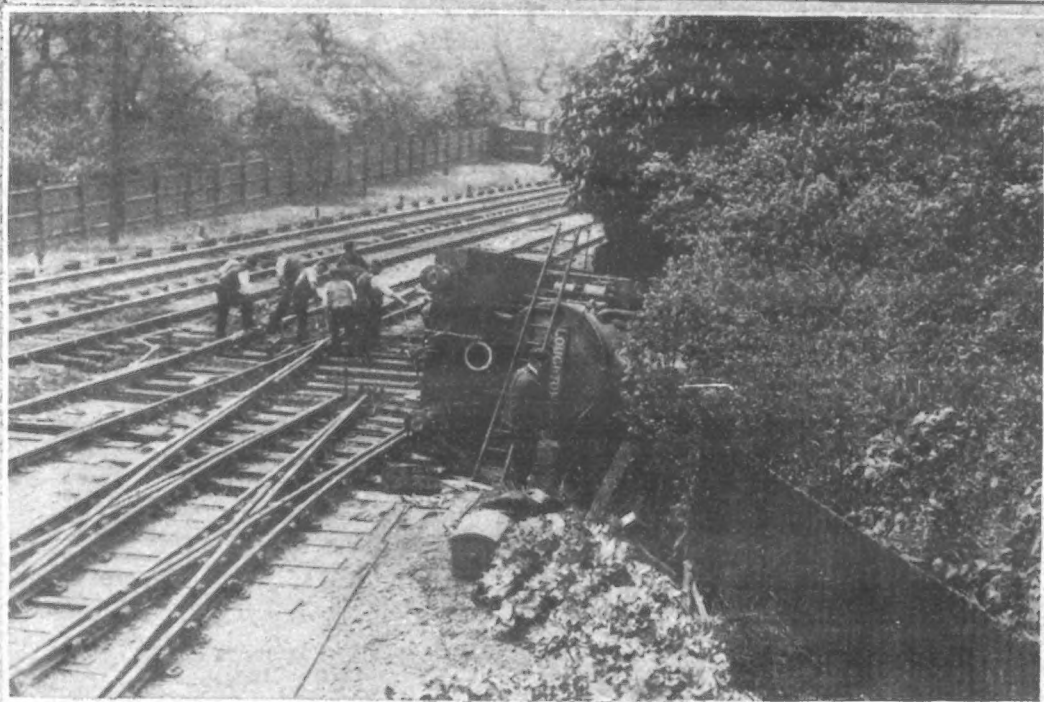
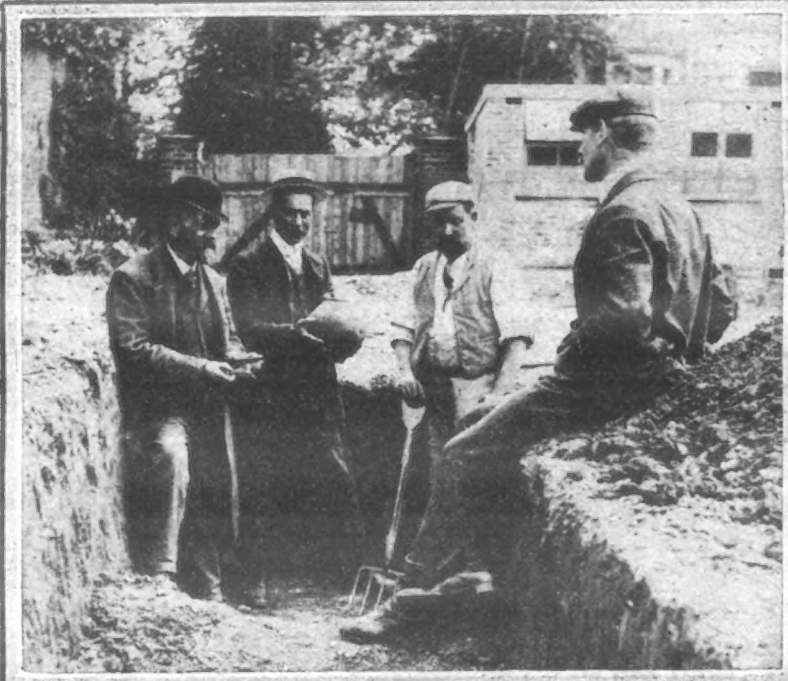


Photo. Illus. Bureau.
ENGINE IN AN ORCHARD.
An overturned engine on the G.E.R. near Snaresbrook.



FRENCH PRIEST AS MUSIC-HALL SINGER. Abbe Azouf, who is appearing at the Merville music-halls.



ROMAN DISCOVERIES AT WORTHING.
Some workmen at Worthing unearthed a Roman urn containing human bones, also a small vase and pieces of pottery.



Clothes Ripped by Lightning.
Mr. Rolf with the pair of trousers that were ripped in pieces by lightning.



THE MAN WHO NEVER TOLD A LIE.
The house in which young George Washington was employed as a surveyor.

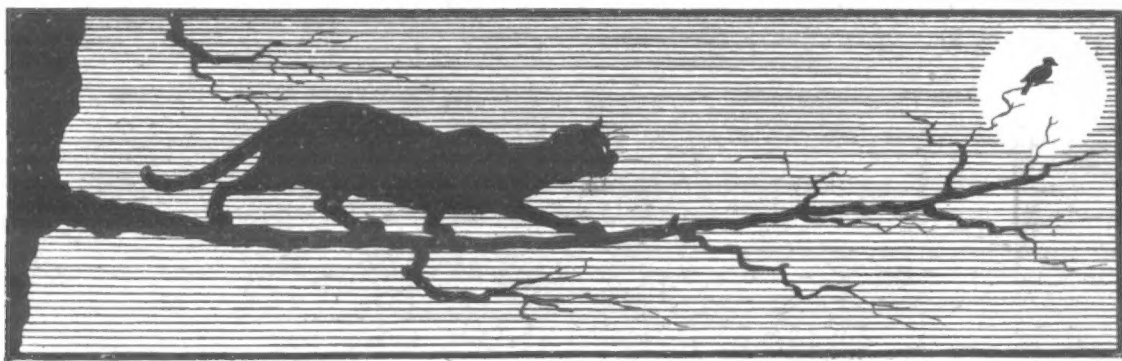


A GRUESOME TASK.
Searching for bodies among the ruins of a wrecked pier at Washington. Ten men were killed in the accident.



"MR. GEORGE," A COMEDY, BY LOUIS N. PARKER, AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

1. Miss Billie Burke as Miss Perceval ("Mr. George"); 2. Miss Alice Russon as Miss Fauny Patton; 3. The arrival of "Mr. George" from England; 4. Mr. Arthur Playfair as Mr. Charles Vulliamy, "Mr. George's" fashionable and objectionable lover; 5. Bostonian Mohawks rebellious against the Government at home; 6. "Mr. George" in her office peeping over the screen at her lover and partner, who fills her head more than does her work; 7. Miss Alice Beet as Miss Judith and Miss Gwynne Herbert as Miss Tabitha, with the card of welcome prepared for the possible lover, "Mr. George," who, to their dismay, turns out to be a lady.



HUMOURS OF THE WEEK.

An Infernal Cherub.

A true story of precocious juvenility was told over a Buffalo dinner-table the other day. The hero of the tale was a small boy named Paul, and he wore beautiful yellow curls—much against his will, be it said. But Paul's mother had seen "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Paul was walking on the street with his maid when a lady came up behind him, and, seeing the beautiful curls, said: "What pretty curls! You must be very proud of them."

"No, I'm not," was the discontented reply; "mamma thinks they make me look like those infernal cherubs."—*Buffalo Express.*

For his Spare Time.

A doctor advertised for a boy as general help. A likely candidate appeared in reply, and the doctor proceeded to question him.

"Of course, you can groom and drive a pony?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And milk the cow, clean my bicycle, and attend to the general rough work of the house?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And attend to the garden, and run errands for me?"

"Yes, Sir."

"I think you will suit. Why did you leave your last place?"

"Wasn't enough to do, Sir," replied the boy, who was determined to teach the doctor a lesson for expecting him to do so many different jobs.

"Ah! Now, is there any question you would like to ask me?"

"Only one, Sir."

"What is it, boy?"

"Is the house built on clay, Sir?"

"An extraordinary question. No; the house is built on rock."

"Then it won't do, Sir," replied the applicant as he made for the door. "I want to make bricks in my spare time."—*Chums.*

Would-be Passenger (out of breath from running): "When does the half-past five train leave?"

Porter: "Five-thirty."

Passenger: "Well, the church clock is twenty-seven minutes past, the post office clock is twenty-five minutes past, and your clock is thirty-two minutes. Now, which clock am I to go by?"

Porter: "Yer can go by any clock yer like, but the train's gone."

Her Excuse.

"Look here, Bridget," said a lady to her cook the other day, "I really can't allow you to have company in the kitchen every night."

"It's all along of the terrible fire we had, Mum."

"What on earth has that to do with it?"

"Why, Mum, ever since then I do be afraid of fire, so that I have one of the men from the fire station round the corner come and sit with me evenings. It do make me feel more comfortable like, somehow."

McClusky o' Glesca.

McClusky was the manager of a large warehouse in Glasgow, and he was intensely disliked.

One fine morning he announced that he had received a handsome offer from an English firm, and had decided to give up his Glasgow job.

His fellow-employees collected a purse of sovereigns and presented it to him as a thank-offering.

"Weel, weel," said McClusky, as he took the purse. "This beats a'! I niver thocht ye liket me sae weel. But noo that I see ye're a' sae sorry to lose me, I think I'll no gang awa', but jist stop whaur I am."

He is still in Glasgow.

Too Brilliant.

The recently appointed curate of a Buckinghamshire village was making his first appearance for the local cricket

club in an away game against the warriors of a neighbouring hamlet.

"You'll be tidy smart in the field, I reckon, Sir?" queried his captain, when the home team went in to bat.

"I'm pretty bad all round," was the modest reply, "and a positively awful field."

"Reckon you'd better take p'int, then," decided the skipper; and the reverend gentleman, wondering greatly upon what grounds the decision was based, duly took up his position.

The big-wig of the district began scoring in fine style. Not a ball was sent within a foot of the wicket, and

catch after catch was missed, but still the fielding side seemed to be on good terms with themselves.

At last the batsman put one up in point's direction. The curate made a dash for it, and brought off a brilliant catch.

The captain's face was a study.

"Thought you said as how you weren't no good in the field," he bel-lowed. "If you weren't a parson, I'm blowed if I shouldn't be tempted to say somethink nasty. That chap as you cat-ched always stands we bread and cheese and beer whenever he make fifty, and now, thanks to you, if the scorer

ain't popped all the wides and byes to him we shall jolly well have to go home hungry."—*Tit-Bits.*

Of Necessity.

The father of a family presented himself at an emigration office and asked for tickets.

"How many are you?" inquired the agent.

"Three—myself, wife and child."

"Your age and profession?" went on the clerk.

"I've just turned thirty; profession, carpenter; my wife, a needlewoman."

"Three of you, you said?" inquired the man. "What about the child—sex and age?"

"Boy; seven months."

"Profession?"

The father's eyebrows were raised so much that they almost formed Gothic arches on his forehead.

"His profession, I say?" repeated the agent.

The astounded father paused just a moment longer, wondering where red tape would stop; then, as if inspired, he said:

"Bachelor."—*Answers.*

A New and Thrilling Mystery-Story, by the celebrated Fergus Hume, will start shortly in the P.I.P.

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

ON Saturday last Mr. Arthur Collins produced "The Last of His Race," by Donald MacLaren. It

"The Last of His Race."

is not of the Indian of to-day that this play treats, but of the strange, interesting, and picturesque being the white man found when first he landed on the shores of the New World—the true American robbed of his heritage of the woods, the streams and fields, and whom the refining process of civilisation has never been able to touch. In "The Last of His Race" its author has seized an opportunity long neglected by playwrights. There have been past efforts, it is true, to represent the Indian on the stage, but all such attempts have been in the nature of travesty or burlesque. "The Last of His Race" is what aptly might be termed "an all-Indian play." The characters who figure in it are red men gorgeous in their trappings and splendour in their savagery. The play is a far cry back to nature, away from the world's artifice—to the woods, the hills, and God's pure air and sunshine for which the hearts of pent-up dwellers in cities crave. Its note throughout rings strong, resonant, noble, and convincing, and it breathes the invigorating atmosphere of life in the open. The play relates how Lonawonda, great chief of the Ockotchees, feeling blindness coming upon him, decides to abdicate in favour of the warrior whom his fair-skinned daughter, Adulola, shall choose for a husband. After announcing this decision to his council, Lonawonda is taunted by Matawaggon, a crippled warrior, who casts reflections upon the parentage of Adulola on account of her fair complexion. Enraged, the old chief kills his tormentor and hides the body. The warriors appear before Adulola, but she refuses all of them. Secretly she loves the son of the murdered Matawaggon, Niatawa, a huntsman, whose unwarlike disposition has made him obnoxious to the braves of the Ockotchees. Through the falsity of Lashota (the faithless squaw of Sheanagua, chief counsellor of Lonawonda) who loves Niatawa and would be rid of her husband for his sake, the guilt of the murder is laid at Sheanagua's door. Niatawa is discovered with Lashota in the Great Cave of Many Spirits, and Sheanagua's rage is aroused against him. But Adulola saves the life of the huntsman, as he is about to be burnt at the stake, and the old chief confesses his own guilt. Sheanagua, infuriated at the disclosures regarding his squaw, insists on taking the place of the chief in the single combat decreed by the laws of the Ockotchees. Niatawa, foreseeing perpetual unrest with the woman he loves, the daughter of his father's murderer, allows himself to be killed, but prevents Adulola from following him by suicide, as the soul of a life self-taken can never reach the happy hunting ground. Then follow three scene pictures showing the death of Adulola and her meeting with Niatawa. As the Indian maiden fades away a canoe slowly drifts down stream. She stretches out her arms and calls upon her lover, whereupon a mystic light appears, apparently beckoning her to the land of the Great Spirit. This final tableau is a poetic ending to the play.

This popular exhibition is again to the fore with numerous up-to-date attractions for the Whitsun holidays. The life-like models of the young King Alfonso and Queen Victoria of Spain are bound to receive a large share of the attention of visitors, and Mr. John Tussaud is now engaged on a model of the infant Prince of Asturias, which will shortly be on view. A replica of the cradle used in the Spanish royal nursery is on exhibition, and in this the new model will be placed when finished. "The Hall of Tableaux," with the recently added picturesque scene representing Robin Hood and his Merry Men in Sherwood Forest, continues to prove a great attraction, as also does the Children's Fairyland adjoining. Since Easter, a realistic portrait-model has been added [of Harry Thaw as he appeared at the recent famous trial for the murder of Stanford White. The model of Horace George Rayner, convicted for the murder of Mr. Whiteley and afterwards reprieved, stands in the special dock, and the excellent model of his victim—smashed by footballers on the day of the Cup-tie—has been reinstated. During the holidays, the renowned Roumanian Orchestra will play throughout the day in various parts of the exhibition.



THE ANCIENT MARINER (to the Capstan): "Port yer 'elm, yer lubber. Can't yer see you'll run me down in 'arf a minute"

SPANISH PRINCE
CHRISTENED.

A MUCH-NAMED CHILD.

The heir to the throne of Spain is now as much-named as anyone can desire. He was christened Alfonso, Pio, Cristiano, Eduardo, Francisco, Guillermo, Carlos, Enrique, Eugenio, Fernando, Antonio, and Venancio on Saturday last, with imposing ceremony, in the royal palace at Madrid. The infant Prince proved himself very human, for he cried loudly during the religious ceremony of placing salt in his mouth.

The child-Prince of Asturias was carried in procession from the royal apartments to the chapel, the procession being headed by officers, grantees walking two by two, and cardinals. The Prince was carried in the arms of the Marchioness of Salamanca. Then came King Alfonso and Queen Cristina, with Cardinal Rinaldini, his sponsor, and his godfather, Don Carlos of Bourbon. Princes, foreign representatives, and others in gorgeous uniforms followed.

Seven gentlemen of the bedchamber bore aloft on seven golden salvers the insignia of the baptism—the salt-cellar and the robe, the cap, the ewer and basin, the damask cloth, the marchpane, and the veil.

At the close of the ceremony King Alfonso placed upon his baby son the Collar of the Golden Fleece, the Collar of Carlos III., and the Grand Cross of Isabella the Catholic.

The Collar of the Golden Fleece is an heirloom, being that which the Prince's grandfather, Alfonso XII., was given when he was baptised.

WEATHER FORECAST FOR THE KITCHEN.—Stormy and Squalls, unless Cook is kept in a good frame of mind by a liberal supply of Keating's Powder, which keeps pantry and larder free from Beetles, Ants, and Cockroaches. Sold by Chemists, Grocers and Oilmen, in tins only, 3d., 6d. and 1s. Bellows (filled), 9d.—ADVT.

WHY BURGLARS WEAR A WORRIED LOOK.



Our Artist submits the above two suggestions to members of the burgling fraternity. The first merely deals with the transport of the stolen property, but the second is a hint showing how a masterpiece can be turned to account. He writes us (no stamp on the envelope—2d. to pay) that burglars will cease to look worried if they follow his advice.

ILLUSTRATED HANDBOOK TO
THE PEAK OF DERBYSHIRE.

A NEAT little handbook of a convenient size for the pocket has just been issued by the Midland Railway Company dealing with this subject. It contains terse notes of the principal centres of interest in North Derbyshire, with numerous illustrations from process and wood blocks. Particulars of the various classes of Cheap Tickets, Circular Tours, Walking and Cycling Tours from all parts of the country, are also included, together with two clear maps. The booklet is enclosed in a bright lithograph cover, bearing a pictorial representation of a typical Derbyshire dale, an old Runic Cross, and Eyam Village street. Intending visitors to Derbyshire, or others who prefer an ideal country holiday to spending it on the sea-shore, will do well to make application to any of the Midland Company's agents for a copy of the book, which is supplied gratuitously.

TEA WITHOUT TANNIN.

WE have just had an opportunity of inspecting the "Lyceum" Anti-Tannin Teapot, which is a very simple patent designed to eliminate the risk of the tannin which is always found in the usual teapot. The tea is put into the teapot in the ordinary way, but it does not go to the bottom. It is arrested by the platform half-way and above the spout. The water is poured over the leaves and a perfect infusion is secured with many obvious advantages. A pamphlet illustrating the teapot and its principle may be obtained free from the "Lyceum" Teapot Company, Tyndal Street, Bradford, Yorks, and a specimen teapot in Silicon China can be obtained from the same address, the price being only 2s. 6d., post free.



In recent years there have been several cases of stolen art treasures, but none so sensational as the theft of pictures and antiques, worth many thousands of pounds, from the London mansion of Mr. Wertheimer. Felix Rodini, alias John Smith, will next week stand his trial on the charge of having stolen, with or without accomplices, the works of art, many of which have now been recovered.

ROYAL NAVAL & MILITARY TOURNAMENT 1907.



Between the "Acts".



H. Montagu Love 1907

The Great Pageant.
"Ye TOURNAMENT
of Ye OLDEN DAYS."

Lance v. Bayonet

The Artillery Drive.

This year the Royal Naval and Military Tournament is being held at Olympia, where, with the increased scope for action, it is thought it will be even more successful than in recent years. His Majesty the King opened the Tournament.

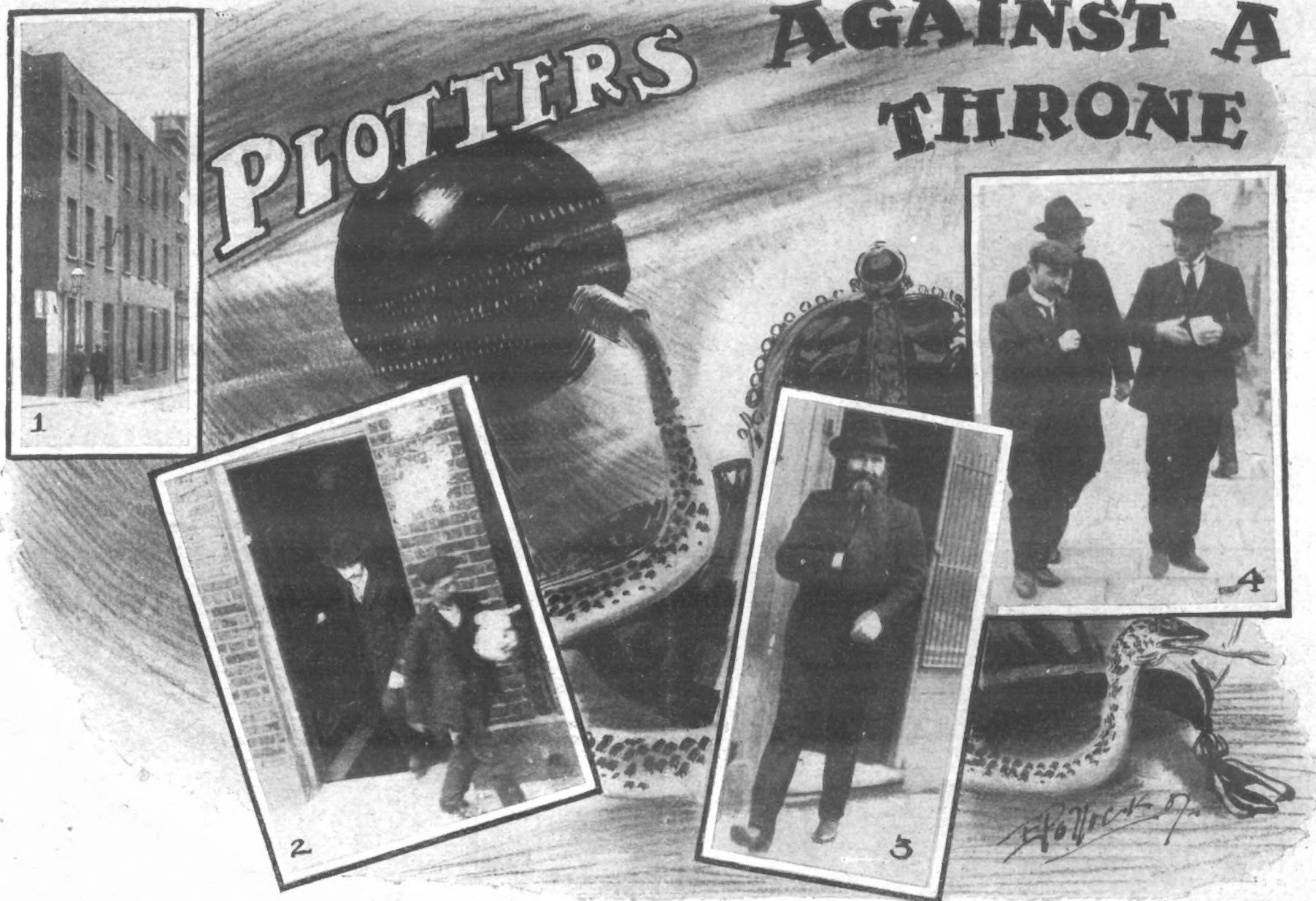


Photo. Illus. Bureau.

London has been invaded by several well-known Revolutionaries who have arrived from Russia. Apparently they do not intend to make their stay permanent, however, for they boast that by the aid of forged passports they will easily be enabled to regain the land of the Tsar, the Tsar against whom they are even now plotting. That the visit is not regarded by the Russian authorities as entirely a pleasure trip may be judged from the fact that several members of the secret police have followed them to London and are keeping them under observation. The English police, however, are not troubled. England is the one refuge of the anarchist, and he is not likely to destroy that refuge for ever by indulging in bomb-throwing in this country. Our photographs show: 1. A meeting-place of the revolutionaries in Whitechapel. 2. Members leaving the meeting-house. 3. Treploff, a well-known Russian revolutionary. 4. Typical Plotters against a Throne proceeding to a secret meeting.

A PLOT TO KILL THE TSAR.

THE report with regard to a recent discovery of a widespread conspiracy to assassinate the Tsar and other members of the Imperial family has been confirmed.

The reactionary party sought to make capital out of the discovery by asking M. Stolypin in the Duma for details of the conspiracy, but, contrary to their expectations, the reform factions not only declined to attack the Government, but unanimously supported a resolution condemning the conspiracy.

M. Stolypin said that the Government learned last February of the organisation of a terrorist movement in St. Petersburg. After great difficulty

the police ascertained the identity of several leaders, who were constantly changing their lodgings, and were communicating with each other by a secret code.

Twenty-eight persons were arrested on April 13, and it was then learned that they were conspiring to overthrow the Government. Attempts were to be made to assassinate the Tsar as well as the Grand Duke Nicholas and M. Stolypin himself.

An investigation is now being made by the Procurator, and the suspects will be tried at the St. Petersburg Assize Court.

A well-equipped laboratory for making bombs and a school for teaching terrorists the art of handling explosives have also been discovered in Finland.

A BARRACKS TRAGEDY.

A TRAGIC shooting affair has occurred at Cambridge Barracks, Portsmouth.

Late last Friday night two young privates of the 1st Middlesex Regiment went into a store-room, and shortly afterwards a report of firearms was heard.

One of the men rushed out shouting, it is alleged, "I have shot my pal through the heart."

His comrades entered the room and saw the second man lying on the floor, but his injuries were not considered serious, the wound being apparently a slight one on the right side of the neck from a Morris tube bullet.

Dangerous symptoms, however, developed, and the young man, whose name is Beard, died in hospital.

The other man was brought before a military court of inquiry on Tuesday, and handed over to the civil police.

CHASTE SALUTE.

CONTINENTAL COMPLIMENT IS PAID TO THE MAYORESS OF ROCHESTER.

SEVERAL officers and men of the French and Belgian fire brigades attended a tournament promoted by the Gillingham Fire Brigade.

Soon after their arrival at Chatham

Station they forwarded a telegram to the King expressing their gratitude to his Majesty for his gracious efforts in fostering the entente cordiale between the two nations, and also for securing the peace of the world.

To this message the King replied expressing his appreciation of the homage paid to him.

The visitors were heartily welcomed by the Mayors of Gillingham, Chatham, and Rochester.

In returning thanks to the Mayor of Rochester, says the *Telegraph*, Commandant Mitchell asked to be allowed the pleasure of kissing the Mayoress, Mrs. C. Willis.

The request was graciously complied with, amid enthusiasm.



Whenever you see
THE BRITISH FLAG
remember that

DUNLOP TYRES

are a British Invention, British
made by British Workmen, for
British Motorists and Cyclists.

"The DUNLOP tyres are now perfectly satisfactory, and there is no need
whatever to go outside of our own country to buy pneumatics."—*The World*.

'TIS TOLD BY THE TASTE.

Judges of good cocoa have learned to distinguish
"FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED" from all
others by reason of its unequalled flavour, aroma,
and digestibility, a few sips being sufficient to
proclaim its superiority.

Fry's

PURE
CONCENTRATED

THE ORIGINAL FIRM.
ESTABLISHED 1728.

Cocoa

"THERE'S HEALTH IN EVERY CUP."



The World of Women

Conducted by ELLICE BEERE.

THE first spell of warm weather which definitely heralds the approach of summer is generally cause sufficient to send most of us shopping. We cannot all boast equally well-filled purses, but we can all turn with equal assurance to the attractive catalogue of fashions for present wear issued by Messrs. John Noble, Limited, Manchester, and have the delightful feeling that any purchases made through this firm will combine good taste with economy. I should like, for the benefit of my readers and my own pleasure, to describe a few of John Noble's world-famous fabrics, not to speak of the charming models in ready-made blouses and costumes suitable for all and any occasion.

Summer Shopping.

If a vote were to be taken as to the most popular material in the British Isles, I think, in spite of the attractions of silk or satin, that serge would head the list; and if it were one of Noble's fast-dyed serges, the palm would be well de-erved. These serges, like the book-muslins of our grandmothers' times, are literally designed to wash and wear, and wash and wear well too. Imagine an ordinary Navy serge which has the hardihood to emerge from the wash-tub, not only as good as new, but actually, to all intents and purposes, undistinguishable from the new. This serge is 44 in. wide, and priced at 2s. 6d. per yard. Then there are the Royal Yacht Club and Imperial serges, cream coloured in a variety of plain and fancy designs, or with a dainty introduction of colour in the shape of pale green, pink, blue, or black stripes, which offers a very smart effect. In fact, these new serges are what we are all more or less on the look-out for at some time or another of our lives, or at some season or other of the year. They appeal equally to the business-girl who has to earn her own living in all weathers, to the smart tailor-made girl who lives for fashion, to the river girl, the open-air girl and the sportswoman; and last, but not least, to all mothers who have to face the problem of the little folks' wardrobe. Some children have an unfortunate knack of being "hard" on their clothes, as the saying goes, and this is often notably so in the case of one child in the family. Therefore, any mother who wishes to dress her children alike, cannot do better than allow her choice to fall upon the John Noble serges, and thus avoid any irritating contrasts, since, as I mentioned before, these serges are not of a kind to resent harsh treatment. For the same reasons, they should prove

A Serge which will Wash and Wear.

popular with the gentlemen of the family when transformed into made-to-measure suits. The style and fit of all Messrs. Noble's ready-made garments are well known, and promenade suits in Royal Yacht Club serge, at prices ranging from £1 10s. to £3 10s., are certain to appeal to very many.

There are many women who declare they never feel really dressed for the street, even in the height of summer, without some form of wrap. Perhaps this accounts for the continued popularity of the stole and the neck-ruffle. Very smart and inexpensive is a short coque feather ruffle, finished with bows and ends of ribbon, and obtainable from John Noble's for 5s. 11d. in either white or black. This is one of the latest novelties, and I have not seen anything approaching it at the price. A coque feather stole, narrow at the neck and widening out at the ends, is priced at 11s. 6d., and is just two yards in length. Of similar length, too, is a fashionable round boa of coque and marabout feathers, price 8s. 11d., and very becoming in either white or a shade of pale grey.

Feather Wraps for the Coming Season.

Variety is always charming, and variety as represented by John Noble's coloured dress-fabrics for the summer doubly so. Voile, nun's veiling, delaine, cashmere, crepe, silk and wool fancy materials, all-wool taffeta cloth, which has the appearance of fine poplin—these range at prices from 11½d. to 2s. 6d. per yard; all are in wide widths. Then there are zephyrs from 4½d. per yard, new mercerised tussors at 11½d., alpacas, mohairs, and Sicilians, all of which wash beautifully and are calculated to please in the wear. For a few pence, new embroidered écu muslins with coloured spots and fashionable striped cotton voiles, washing prints and cambrics can be obtained, not to speak of drills and piqués; but those readers who would like to see these fascinating materials for themselves would be well advised to write for patterns without delay.

A very dainty lawn-slip, with a new yoke of "sectional" lace both back and front, costs only 4s. 6d. in several light colours. The elbow sleeves and front of the blouse are trimmed with wide tucks, and the sleeves further finished off with a narrow frill edged with lace. At 12s. 6d. there is a remarkably stylish net and lace blouse entirely covered with tiny frills of lace. The front is trimmed with two lace motifs, and the lace frills are arranged in V-shape. This blouse in cream or Paris colour should prove equally becoming to blonde or brunette. The third blouse is of handsome ivory

Japanese silk, with a deep yoke elaborately trimmed with lace insertion, and the front is further trimmed with fine cord tucks and rucked tucks. The sleeves are three-quarter length, with the upper part tucked and very smart cuffs. The price is only 7s. 11d.

Pinafore gowns, with smart ribbon or silk bretelles arranged over blouses of net and lace, continue to be a feature of the present fashions, and will, doubtless, remain in favour during the season. The pinafore gown is one which admits of a good deal of variety, and that is a point which cannot fail to recommend it to the fickle feminine fancy. Nun's veiling and coarse lace make a pretty and inexpensive combination for a frock of this description, which might be carried out in a colouring of rose-pink or turquoise-blue, with a vest and over-sleeves of lace. The lace should be outlined with a narrow silk braid trimming or dark velvet baby-ribbon.

Gowns of the Moment.

Curtains have a knack of taking even the best housewives off their guard. One week it will appear as if they had still a long and useful career before them; the next, they will suddenly return from the laundry full of holes. A very effective curtain at moderate price is the Tudor Rose, made of embroidered lace, at 10s. 9d. per pair, 3½ yards in length and 52 in. wide. Another curtain, of similar measurements, but more lightly embroidered, costs 8s. 9d. per pair. The "Wreath" is a charming English embroidered lace curtain at 11s. 9d. per pair. It is decorated after the design that its name implies, and makes a pretty bedroom curtain. A good dining-room curtain is La Papillon at 13s. 9d. per pair.

Lace Curtains.

Dressy frocks for the children require to be protected by a dainty pinafore. A spotted muslin, with a turn-down collar and epaulettes frilled with embroidery and an embroidered flounce at hem, is both smart and useful, and costs only 2s. 9½d. Another little pinafore at the same price is in nainsook trimmed with embroidery, and has a square yoke outlined with insertion and epaulettes, and flounce of embroidery. A clear muslin pinafore at 3s. 6½d. has a toby frill of embroidery at the neck, falling over a square yoke. The skirt is trimmed with rows of insertion and the usual flounce at foot. A charming little pinafore with a round yoke of lace is trimmed with real Torchon at 3s. 11½d. Two pretty pinafores at 1s. 11½d. are made of nainsook and trimmed lace, one with a square yoke of insertion, the other with a toby frill. Both have lace epaulettes over the shoulders and lace flounce at hem, and are very dressy indeed. Lawn pinafores with self frills are inexpensive in the purchase, and wash and wear well. In coloured lawn they may be made to

Children's Pinafores.



AN EMBROIDERED INDOOR GOWN.

A robe of heliotrope cashmere with a triple flounce embroidered in broderie Anglaise fashion, and with draped corsage, over lace vest and under sleeves, and threaded with velvet baby-ribbon.

look as pretty as any little frock. Some very smart pinafores are made in tunic style to wear over the new frocks made in the French style with a long body. A sash under these circumstances adds a very picturesque touch—in fact, a sash for children's wear always achieves a wonderfully pleasing effect.

A yard or two of unbleached calico, sold at a few pence per yard, will cut up into excellent pudding-cloths. Remember that a pudding-cloth should be washed immediately after using, and rinsed scrupulously clean before hanging out to dry. A square of knitted cotton makes one of the best kinds of dishcloth, as, by reason of its porous nature, it is so easily kept clean. A mop also will be found of great assistance in washing up plates and dishes, and spares the hands from contact with greasy water. Special stiff brushes are sold, which will be

found invaluable for cleaning saucepans and frying-pans. When you have fitted out your kitchen with everything for use be careful to devote each article only to its proper purpose; you will find the various utensils and cleaning materials will thus last twice as long.

White or coloured silks and satins may be successfully cleaned by rubbing the soiled part with finely crumbled stale bread, mixed with a little powdered blue. Shake the crumbs off, and afterwards rub the material gently with a clean, soft cloth.

Long muslin or lace curtains when worn only in places will not be consigned to the rag-bag by the careful housewife, as the good parts can be cut out, and when joined together, make useful short curtains for landing and kitchen windows, etc.

Home Cleaning.

Economy in Trifles.

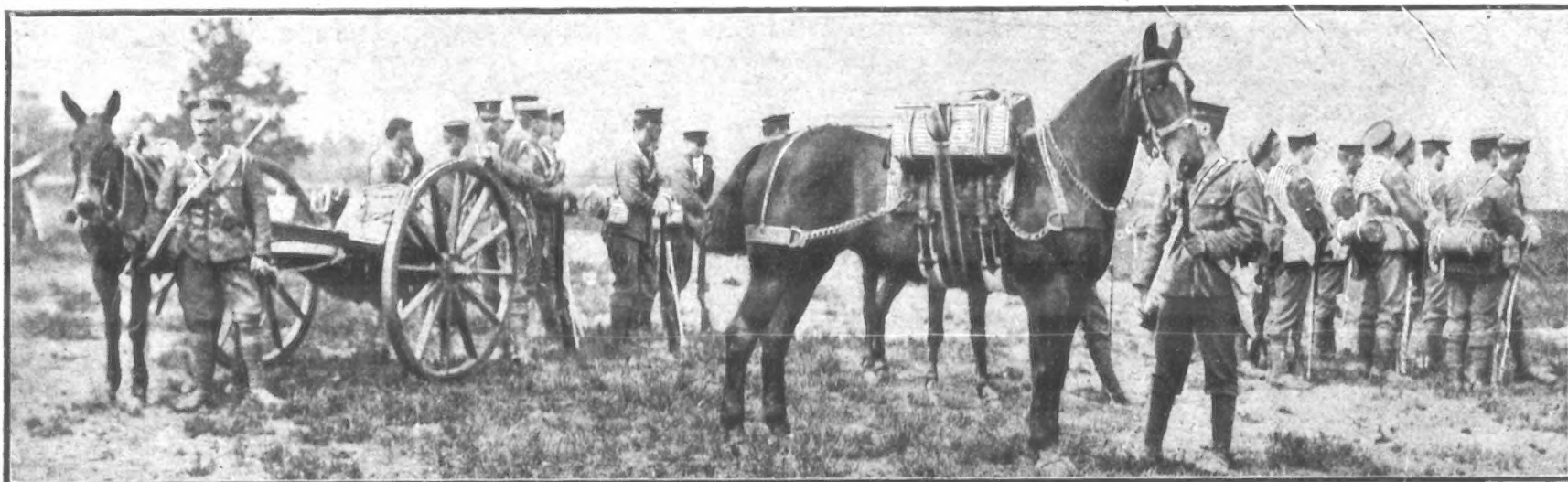
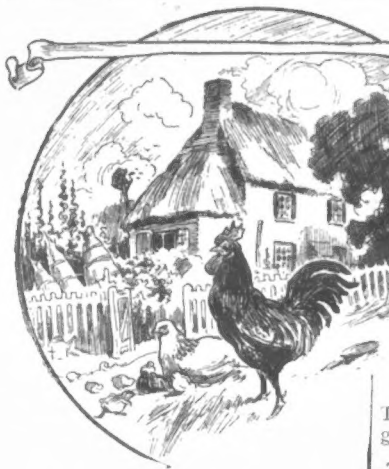


Photo. Illus. Bureau.

THE FIELD DAY AT ALDERSHOT AT WHICH THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES WERE PRESENT.

Soldiers who took part awaiting their orders; horses and guns ready for action.



THE "P.I.P." GARDENER AND POULTRY-FANCIER.

in this direction. I am sowing a row of white runner beans — Messrs. Sutton and Sons' Mammoth White, 2s. 6d. per quart, and I shall have a row of these beans, mixed scarlet and white, for the pretty blossom effect.

The Garden Finish.

There is a good deal of work in one's garden apart from horticulture and floriculture, and I have been spending some time lately in ornamentation. Though it may sound like blowing my own trumpet, I may tell you that some tubs I have called forth certain kindly remarks. My first plan was to visit my green-grocer, from whom I purchased apple-barrels at the exorbitant price of two-pence each. These I sawed through, just below the half-way line, and smoothed and finished them off with plane, rasp, and sandpaper. An internal coating of tar followed, and then two coats externally of Brunswick green paint. Then, from an ironmonger, I obtained some wide iron hoops, which I screwed on to my tubs at a suitable height and afterwards coated with aluminium paint, though white would have been equally serviceable. To bore a few holes in the bottom, place broken flower-pot and pieces of brick for drainage, and fill my tubs with a good soil compost was mere child's play, and now I have quite a promise of early blooms in these really tasty garden receptacles. Cost: tub, two-pence; paint, six-pence, including tar; iron, two-pence; total, ten-pence. It is simple matters like these that give the garden finish.

Many an amateur commits unwittingly the error of interfering too soon with spring bulbs. To cut off the "grass" while it is green is a bad mistake, for it contains certain saps and juices that return to

the bulb for its nutriment. In the same way, to "lift" or take up a bulb too soon is certain to spoil its chances of flowering in the ensuing year. A month or so ago I was congratulating a gentleman on his superb display of hyacinths, and it seemed hardly credible that the bulbs should have flowered for four consecutive years, as he told me they had done. His plan, it seemed, was to leave the bulbs in the ground till it was dust-dry in July or August, when he lifted them, and stored them till plant-

open air, and in a spot that is not too sunny. As they dry they may be cleaned, and in most cases the off-sets removed. Crocus, daffodil, snowdrop, and bluebell bulbs are best left in the ground, and need only be taken up every three or four years, and then only for the purpose of separating, though of course, their grasses may be cut away as they die down, for the sake of a tidy appearance. The majority of tulip and hyacinth bulbs deteriorate, and in their second and third years should be planted in unimportant positions.

"The poorest English tomato grown is at the present moment realising from 5d. to 6d. per lb. wholesale at Covent Garden," said a writer in the *Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette* a few days ago: "the best from

be withered and showing signs of having been long cut." I offer wonder more rural gardeners do not go in for tomatoes under glass for early sale; there should be no obstacle to good marketing.

Facts and figures are always interesting, but I confess to a feeling of amazement when I read of tons of flowers and special trainloads of vegetables. I know the

work and care needed in my own garden to produce both flowers and vegetables, but a statement in the current *Great Western Railway Magazine* makes me think that there must still be a few labourers in the country districts, despite the constant cry of "Back to the land!" The writer in question says: "The broccoli traffic from the Penzance district to all parts of the kingdom has been remarkably heavy this season. A record quantity was handled during the week ending April 6, 1907, 1081 wagons being despatched from West Cornwall, necessitating the running of thirty-eight special trains." Here is something for amateur gardeners to think about!

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

CHICHOR (Pinner).—You should consult a veterinary at once. I cannot take the responsibility of advising you about the bitch without a personal examination, and the disease may prove serious.

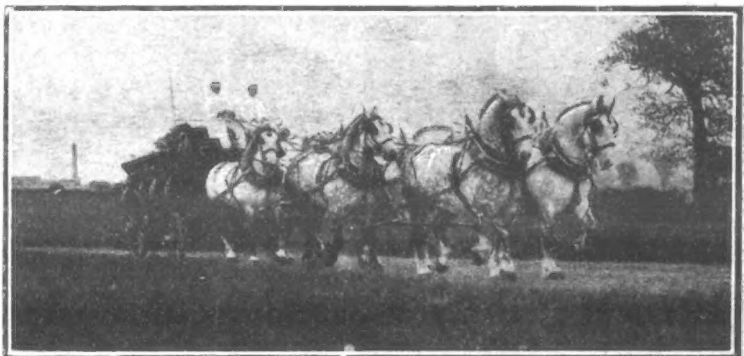
TOM HARDING.—No, the Virginia creeper you speak of is excellent for an arch or screen, but not to cover the side of a house, as it is not self-clinging. You should get the *Ampelopsis Veitchii*, a quick grower, that clings like a limpet to any surface.

W. NEATE (Bishopston).—As you are a fancier on a small scale only, I would not advise the advanced breeds, for I am afraid they would only prove unsuitable and unsatisfactory. Dorkings, Minorcas, Orpingtons, Plymouth Rocks, and Wyandottes would all suit your purpose.

HENRY GREEN (Edinburgh).—It does not follow that the eggs were originally unfertile. You must bear in mind that a sitting of eggs requires very careful, delicate handling, and no doubt those you mention were shaken and jolted in transit. I have even heard of deformities hatching from the same cause, and one cannot be too attentive to this matter. (2) The substance you describe is "Raffia-tape," a splendid tying material that most gardeners use now instead of bast. Being corrugated, it expands with the growth of the plant. It is sold in penny bundles, I believe.

I am always pleased to answer inquiries, and where a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed, will do so through the post direct. Address inquiries to me personally at the P.I.P. Offices, 172, Strand, London, W.C.

A. COURLAND MARSHALL



A TEAM OF PRIZE HORSES.
Mr. Armour's splendid horses that are to be shown round the country.

ing time came round again. I do not profess to speak of this plan from personal experience, but relate the facts as facts for your interest and experiment. Referring to bulbous plants generally—tulips, hyacinths, narcissi, ranunculi, and so on—they should be taken up when the grass or foliage has withered, and dried down and stored away in some dry, airy place. Select a dry day for taking up the bulbs, and give them an opportunity of drying off slowly in the

7d. to 8d. per lb. No man can afford to deal in tomatoes at less than 2d. or 3d. per lb. profit: he must have some return on his money, and he must allow for wastage. Best English tomatoes ought not to be sold retail at less than 11d. or 1s. per lb. this week, and thousands of pecks are ready at that price. A good guide to the English fruit is the stalk and leaves, called the 'strig.' This, if English, should be still fresh and green; if foreign, it will

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the following rates:—

SITUATIONS VACANT	1d. per word.
SITUATIONS WANTED	1d. per word.
PRIVATE WANTS, SALE, or EXCHANGE	1d. per word.
TRADE	1s. per line of 8 words.

Lovely Blouse and Dress Materials at Warehouse Price. Patterns Post Free. Send for Fashion Catalogue of Blouses, Skirts, Costumes, &c. Sydney George, Merchant, Moseley Road, Birmingham.

Ladies' High-class, Second-hand Clothing. Send for Catalogue.—Madame Dupont, Wood Green, London.

Drunkennes Cured, quickly, secretly, permanently, harmlessly; cost trifling. Sample free. Carlton Chemical Co., 524, Guildhall Buildings, Birmingham.

Bicycles, £5 5s. Cash, or 10s. with order, and 20s. per month. Lined frames, plated rims, free wheel, two brakes, lamp, bell, pump, spanners. H. Cox, Reliable Machines. High-grade Tyres. Carriage paid. Guaranteed four years; ten days' approval. Testimonials, photo. Full specifications from the maker, George Beaton, Lion Cycle Works, 80, Moseley Street, Birmingham.

Old Artificial Teeth Bought call or forward by post; full value by return.—Messrs. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 63, Oxford Street, London, W. (Established 100 years.)

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